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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1879.

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MISS ELINOR LOVEDAY, OF THE OPERA COMIQUE.

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G. FINDLAY.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

A GENTLEMAN, named Crispin, has written a letter, apparently with the object of contradicting Cuvier's view that the existence of fish is a silent, monotonous, and joyless one. At the Brighton Aquarium he says that he lately watched a prawn teasing a long-fingered zoophyte for a considerable time. It would slowly approach the zoophyte, touch it, and dart back like lightning; and no doubt the light-hearted prawn had capital fun. But how about the zoophyte? Surely it is a monotonous and joyless thing to be annoyed and irritated by a prawn, whose value as an edible could scarcely be more than three half-pence, if as much. I am sure that the zoophyte would agree with Cuvier, whatever a badly-disposed prawn might say about it.

THOSE who have not the pleasure of knowing Arthur Sullivan will derive an excellent idea of him from the graphic article in the *World*; but this, nevertheless, contains one or two remarks which are likely to lead readers astray. Of the *Sapphire Necklace*, the writer says, "the overture only survives." The fact is, however, that the overture survives because that alone has been performed. The rest of the score now lies on the shelves of a Regent-street music publisher, and would very likely have been heard before now, but that Mr. Chorley's libretto is so hopeless. Mr. Chorley, formerly critic of the *Athenaeum*, did some things well and many things badly; and the book of the *Sapphire Necklace* comes in the second category. Mr. Sullivan told me a short time ago that he had lately seen the score for the first time for several years, and was surprised to find how fresh some of it seemed. There were details in it which the experience of the stage he had since gained would now induce him to alter, but on the whole he appeared to think that there were possibilities in his early work, and the production of it in an amended form is on the cards. In the second place a wrong impression is conveyed by the statement that *Cox and Box* was in seven days, "written, learned, rehearsed, and rendered by Messrs. Du Maurier, Harold Power, and Arthur Cecil." Twice the comic operetta was performed in private houses

—Mr. Burnand's was one of them—before its public presentation on the stage of the Adelphi for the benefit of Mr. Bennett, the *Punch* artist. The private performances were given by Mr. Harold Power as Cox, Mr. Du Maurier as Box, and Mr. John Forster as Bouncer; and at the Adelphi Mr. Du Maurier sustained his original part, Mr. Quintin Twiss was the Cox, and Mr. Arthur Cecil the Bouncer.

IF the Grand National Hunt Committee carry the motions which have been proposed, Hunters' Races, as they now are, will be practically abolished. If they now fulfilled the intentions of the originators, this would be a cause for regret, for no contests were better calculated to further what are supposed to be the real objects of racing than Hunters' Races, pure and simple. But abuses, some of which shave the edge of the law, and some of which pass because they have never been discovered, have crept in, and as a very general rule a Hunters' Race is nowadays a mockery, with a strong flavouring of a swindle about it. I should regret to see the passing of Lord Suffolk's resolution, to let professional jockeys ride, but that his lordship is a sportsman of the best type, and has, doubtless, good reason for what he advances—and one obvious reason is, that for a long time past, those who are to all intents and purposes professional jockeys have ridden; albeit they lay passable claims to the elastic distinction of "gentlemen riders." It may be hoped, moreover, that something will come in to take the place of the extinct sport. Races in which the qualifications are more clearly defined than they have been hitherto will doubtless be started. Many such, indeed, exist at the present time, though the fame of them very likely does not reach beyond the local papers. In these, members of certain hunts ride their own or their brother-members' horses, or the officers of regiments quartered within a certain district, compete among themselves. If this form of sport is strengthened, few will regret that what are now absurdly called Hunters' Races cease to exist—for there can be little doubt that when the sharps find it easy to enter their horses, they will have the game to themselves, cut their own throats, and not affect the farmer who has a smart nag, and who will find other places to test his ability.

A FEW years ago burlesques were to be seen in all quarters, and in walking down the Strand the playgoer had his choice of half-a-dozen theatres where this species of entertainment ruled. Even huge Drury Lane had its burlesque; but now few are to be seen, and when one is produced it is found to depend more upon "business" than puns. This is probably because puns became so bad in some of the burlesques of late years. A great many harsh things have been said about punsters by Dr. Johnson, by Sir Richard Steele in the *Spectator*, and others; but, in spite of them all, much genuine fun is to be obtained by playing upon words, and a greater than either of these has recognised the fact. The Chief Justice in *Henry IV.* is clearly giving Falstaff a chance when he says to him, "Your means are very slender, and your waste is great." "I would it were otherwise," the knight makes answer; "I would that my means were greater and my waist slenderer." "There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity." "His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy!" Sir John exclaims; and the punster who is taunted with his occupation can always entrench himself behind a volume of Shakespeare. But there is no excuse for an author who writes a play wherein the *dramatis personae* have no characteristics, and are all sent on the stage one after another to jingle meaningless words together simply because they sound alike.

MANY of the puns in the old burlesques were really good. In Talfourd's *Willow-pattern Plate* (in which, by the way, a quarter of a century ago the late T. W. Robertson played a small part) there are some capital ones. "These trifling gifts," says an unwelcome suitor to the Princess, who replies:

That my aversion lessens,
His gifts are so much better than his presence,
—though reflection convinces her that it is advisable to "think less of the present than the future." The description of pirates, too (though I don't fancy it is in this play), is excellent.

Without a "by your leave," or "if you please" upon it, Whate'er they sees upon the seas they seize upon it.

With "amanuensis"—an awkward word for a pun, one would fancy—he very nearly succeeds, and, more as a *tour de force* than a good example of wit, the result is worth quoting. Chang, He-Sing's secretary, has offended his master, and endeavours, unavailingly, to console him.

CHANG. Well, "What's done can't be undone."
HE-SING. Can't it though?

You'll find your done and undone in one blow.

And you'll, my late amanuensis, be

A man who hence is nothing more to me.

According to Albert Smith, Esmeralda gave a most convincing reason why it was useless to expect her to be anything but ungrammatical. Her parentage was a mystery, and, consequently, she knew nothing of "her relatives or antecedents." The same author's *Alhambra* has many good things in it. Here is a hit at dramatic anachronisms. Hassein gives the King some wine, of which he approves immensely.

KING. (drinks) Ha! send us up a pipe—for us alone.

HAS. Extensive Pagan, pipes are not yet known,
Because tobacco, please your royal pate,

Won't be found out till 1558.

Then enters an attendant, pale and shattered.

ATT. Great monarch! on Nevada's snowy heights
We've been and fought and conquered three young knights.

They've scarcely left me breath enough to speak.

HAS. Pooh, stuff! you know three knights can't make one weak.

Sir Toby the Timorous (Mr. Keeley) finds favour in the eyes of the Princess, who calls the Knight a "little dear"; and, disliking the reflection on his stature, he answers:

At my size don't sport—

You know in summer nights are always short.

THE comic opera, *Alcantara*, is not precisely adapted from the French as has been stated—at least not in the ordinary acceptance of the term. The piece started as a German farce, under the title of *Guten morgen, Herr Fischer*. It was from this that Mr. Oxenford took his amusing farce, *Twice Killed*. From *Twice Killed* a French writer adapted the vaudeville *Bon Soir, Signor Pantalon*, and of these *Alcantara* is the offspring. In what language the piece will crop up next remains to be seen.

RAPIER.

THE HOTEL CONTINENTAL.

THIS house forms a most notable addition to the list of London hotels, and in many respects may, indeed, be said to stand alone. The title, "Continental," has a significance of its own, for, while considering the question of comfort according to English notions, many of the special conveniences of the best Continental houses are here introduced. As regards the fitting up of the establishment, splendour and artistic taste rule supreme. The premises are those formerly occupied by the Buckingham Club, and situated, Londoners need scarcely be informed, at the lower end of Regent-street. But the rooms have been notably transformed, and many objects of peculiar interest are to be found throughout the building. For many of the paintings, particularly the figures of children, Señor Codina, a well-known Continental artist, is responsible; Signor Marolda has designed the other portions of the frescoes. Lyonese tapestry woven with gold covers some of the walls, old Beauvais tapestry decorates the dining-room, and the smoking-room is one of the most curious and attractive portions of the hotel. The ceiling represents the sky, with birds flitting across it; the walls are hung with Eastern tapestry on a trellis-work of bamboo. With the exception of a door from Yokohama, there is nothing absolutely Japanese in the room; but the remark of a distinguished Japanese visitor is quoted, and he is reported to have said to the artists above-named, "You have perfectly mastered the spirit of Japanese art, and added something original and harmonious of your own, which our artists will be the first to praise and imitate." The furnishing of the hotel, it may here be added, was carried out by Messrs. Jackson and Graham.

So much has been done. For the general service of the hotel we have only so far the undertakings of the managers, who, however, are evidently aware that the best way to succeed is to carry out their business in the best style. M. Diette, an experienced *maître d'hôtel*, presides over all. Chefs from noted Parisian houses are engaged, delicacies from Paris and the Continent are to be supplied by those who have the highest reputation, and, above all else, the directors pride themselves upon their cellar. The wines have been selected by Count Gerson, whose judgment helped so materially to make, and also to unmake, reputations at the late International Exposition in Paris. The managers of the hotel hope to aid the enterprise by forming a business as private wine merchants, and as a guarantee of the good faith of their intentions, the hotel undertakes to receive back, at cost price, within five years, any wines, in bottles, furnished by it to customers, should the wines not give complete satisfaction. Amongst other excellent wines is the champagne which received the highest award—the Grand Gold Medal—at the International Exhibition (Paris 1878), over sixty other competing qualities. The hotel has bought the monopoly of it, and it is known as the *Medaille d'Or*.

HUNTING NOTES FROM IRELAND.

ON Tuesday, 4th of November, fox-hunting, which forms such a prominent feature in our national life, may be said to have commenced, and on that day all our packs, with some five or six exceptions, began with stately ceremony the simultaneous onslaught on the fox. At Johnstown Inn we found Mr. W. Forbes, his hounds, and their followers. In the south-east the Curraghmores, under the guidance of the Marquis of Waterford, met at the club-house, Waterford. In the far-west Mr. Burton R. P. Persse, had "the Blazers" at the kennels, Moyode Castle; while the Carlon and Island hounds, at their head Mr. Watson, assembled at Ballydarton. All these packs on the above date abandoned the rehearsal of cub-hunting for the actual campaign, and with the most glorious results. It affords me very great pleasure to state that letters which have reached me from almost every kennel in Ireland tend to show the plenitude of the Reynard family in the country, and, although other species of game have been in no small degree decimated by the severity of the weather, the fox tribe has flourished this season with a vigour and exuberance not paralleled. Briefly, I may remark that the Kildares, Meaths, Curraghmores, Galway, United Hunt, Lord Huntingdon, and the Carlon and Island Hounds have had most brilliant opening days. Of their runs during the coming season I shall give further long-extended particulars anon. Certainly a brilliant hunting season has commenced in the Green Isle.

GRIS-GRIS.

ENGLISH BEAUTIES.

THE ladies whose portraits figure in this typical group of English beauties are:—The Marchioness of Ormond, the Countess of Lonsdale, the Viscountess Castlereagh, the Countess of Clarendon, the Countess of Dudley, Lady Helmsley, Miss Evelyn Rayne, and Miss Violet Cameron.

LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB.

THE eleventh "assault-at-arms" in connection with this club—to which the credit indubitably belongs of having rescued and popularised athleticism so far as the metropolis is concerned—took place at St. James's Hall on Friday evening last week, in the presence of a large and warmly appreciative audience, which included many ladies. The programme was of a varied and attractive character, though having little affinity to the real objects of the club. There were exhibitions of skill with sabre, sword, bayonet, lance, foils, single-stick, and gloves, the boxing especially arousing the enthusiasm of the audience, who applauded some very moderate though exciting bouts with a spirit which some of the more artistic performances failed to evoke. The contests set apart for the "Army, Navy, and Auxiliary Forces," and in which men of the 1st Life Guards, 5th Lancers, 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, London Rifle Brigade, 30th Middlesex Rifles, and Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers took part, called forth a patriotic demonstration from the company when the competitors "brigaded" upon the stage to the strains of the National Anthem. A number of feats on the horizontal bar were given by members of the 1st Surrey School of Arms. The entire arrangements were very creditable to Messrs. Wadell, who, as treasurer and secretary, have so successfully identified themselves with the club.

THE LONGTON HALL HOTEL COMPANY.—The want of good hotel accommodation in the neighbourhood of Sydenham explains the formation of this company, which has been originated for the purpose of buying and extending the Longton Hall Hotel and Hydropathic Establishment at West Hill, Sydenham, a most picturesquely situated establishment, which, in the hands of industrious and capable directors, can scarcely remain unknown or unsupported.



A GROUP OF ENGLISH BEAUTIES.

THE LATE MR. JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE.

(Continued from page 175.)*

MR. BUCKSTONE's vagrant wanderings did not end here, "They extended" (says Mr. Oxberry) "from county to county, and from bailiwick to bailiwick, and various and singular were the events attending them." On one occasion he was eight-and-twenty hours without food, and many were the degrading shifts and dodges to which he was driven by the hard necessity of saving his "props" (the aforesaid essentials for engagements as "walking gentleman") and at the same time not paying for his lodging. Oxberry tells how one fine summer evening the poor vagrant actor surreptitiously stole into his bed-room and putting on his entire wardrobe, with tremulous haste, was on the eve of escaping, when he heard the shrill angry voice of his landlady on the stairs crying, "Where be they shirts as was on the bed?" Then in sheer desperation, he threw up and leaped out of the window, running at the top of his speed out of the town to hide, hot, red, perspiring, and breathless, in a field of corn. This occurred just before that walk from Northampton to his aunt's house in Walworth, which we have already briefly described.

On another occasion Mr. Buckstone used to tell how he made one of his longest journeys—a distance of two hundred miles in a coasting vessel, without a farthing in his pocket to purchase the coarse food, which the generous skipper charitably gave him. He slept at night during this tedious voyage upon the piles of hides with which the hold of the little vessel was closely packed.

Such and similar experience of the miseries and hardships of a strolling player's



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE.—(By Daniel Maclise.)

laborious and degrading life made the poor little histrion determine to abandon the theatrical profession. Once more in his comfortable, respectable home at Walworth, carefully tended by his affectionate aunt, with his daily food regularly provided, with no dread of those frequent treasures where no ghosts walked—in other words, where salaries were promised and not paid—with no nightmare-horrors of magistrates and the Vagrant Act, prisons, and even the stocks (for those implements of torture had not then been altogether abandoned), young Buckstone, to the joy of his friends, said he would settle down to a quiet, decent, honest, unambitious career of routine labour at the desk.

But he did not. Despite his experience of its privations and degradations, the constant excitement, congenial companionship, and adventurous life of the player retained its old charms, and while he was yet wavering between red tape and the buskin, his former friend, Mr. Watkins Burroughs decided his destiny by offering him an engagement at the Surrey Theatre, of which he, Mr. Burroughs, had then become manager. Consequently on January 30, 1823, Mr. Buckstone duly made his first London appearance as Peter Smink in a burletta called the *Armistice*, afterwards played at the Haymarket under a new name—*Peter Smink*. The performance was a success, but Mr. Buckstone did not then become the favourite low comedian of the noisy and demonstrative southern audiences, which he afterwards was. The season proved so unprofitable that, after making vigorous efforts to restore its old glory, with a constant succession of novelties, new scenery, new plays, and a company of the highest excellence, the actor-manager abandoned it in despair. Amongst Mr. Buck-



BATTUE SHOOTING.

stone's colleagues at this time were Mrs. Fitzwilliam—then newly married—Mr. and Mrs. Davidge, Miss Poole, Miss Bence, Miss Huddart, Mrs. Pindar (a famous representative of Scotch characters), Miss Jonas, Miss Cooke (a clever dancer), Mr. Jervis, Mr. Bengough, Mr. Gale, Miss Edmiston, Miss Macaulay, whose public dispute with the managers of Drury Lane Theatre was a nine days wonder, and the popular Miss Vincent, whom Burroughs' managerial predecessor, Mr. Thomas Dibdin, introduced to the stage of the Surrey Theatre.

From the Surrey Theatre, Mr. Watkins Burroughs migrated to the Coburg Theatre, taking with him most of his old company including Mr. Buckstone, and adding to it the names of Haines, Jemmy Green, and Mrs. Waylett, both from the Adelphi, Lewis from Sadler's Wells, the famous Mr. John Reeve, Mrs. Stanley and several other popular players, opening with a new play called *The Weird Woman of the Isles; or, Scotland's Ancient Days*. The *Theatrical Magazine*, of 1824, says: "The Coburg Theatre, under the excellent arrangement of Mr. Burroughs, the present proprietor, has risen to a very considerable eminence in the estimation of the public. We have often, in the progress of our publication, had occasion to speak in the highest terms of the judicious management and indefatigable industry of the above-named gentleman in the conduct of those theatres of which he has been successively the proprietor. . . . It gives us much pleasure to state that this splendid establishment (which is fitted up in a decidedly more tasteful and elegant manner than any minor place of amusement in the metropolis) has been exceedingly well attended." In those days great things were done in this house; historical plays were produced with an amount of care and research to secure accuracy in scenery, costume, and properties, which were not outdone in the way of completeness and realistic effect until Charles Kean's Shakesperian revivals at the Princess's Theatre threw everything that had preceded them in the way of stage spectacles so completely into the shade. But from works of this kind it rapidly degenerated. It was during the reign of Mr. Burroughs that the Coburg became celebrated as the central home of melodrama; there the most appalling scenes of crime and murder harrowed up the soul; there the felon reigned triumphant, and the incendiary grimly triumphed in the reddest of red fire; there ghosts terrified the shuddering audiences, while lights burned blue; there, in short, all that ingenuity could invent in the way of sensational horror culminated in a blaze of fame which was handed down to the more modern "Vic.," and—despite all Mr. Joseph Cave can do—still clings to its name as its inseparable associate. Avengers and murderers, maidens betrayed, burglars and assassins held nightly revelry upon those classic boards, and "to play the villain at the Vic." was, indeed, to hold a most distinguished position "on the Surrey side."

We are bound to believe what so many authorities assert, that Mr. Buckstone was a personal partaker in the blood and blue fire fame of the Coburg, under Mr. Burroughs' management, and under that of his successor, Mr. Davidge; but we must confess that in the contemporary critical records his name did not then appear either at this or at any other London theatre. Probably he then played parts too insignificant for notice, as a rule, although now and then came opportunities which he never failed to make the most of. He was, however, a most serviceable member, strengthening the new plays with fresh points and situations, and often improvising and arranging an additional scene, even while a rehearsal was in progress.

It was under Mr. Davidge's management that Mr. Buckstone began to emerge from obscurity. He was then the dapper little man with a slim figure we see in some of his earlier portraits. Oxberry, writing while he was still playing at the Coburg some little time after, said:—

"As an actor, Mr. Buckstone is admirably adapted for what we may term the 'still life' of Shakespeare—the Frances and Master Slenders. There is a shrewd quaintness at times, mingled in his more lively efforts, which gives a fine pungency to characters in themselves of the most insipid description," and he adds, "his quiet characters are assuredly the best. He can admirably give himself up to the agency of mental obtuseness—render himself a mere breathing machine—can develop simplicity so strikingly that it almost ceases to be comedy."

One of the hits made about this time was in a successful melodrama of his own, called *The Bear Hunters; or, the Fatal Ravine*, in which he played the part of Nicolo, and made a great hit. Nicolo is a poor, idiotic creature, degraded by ignorance and stupidity to the level of the goate he tends, and the critics of the day were enthusiastic in their comments upon the wonderful power with which the part was realised. The gleams of passing thoughts of which he could retain no grasp; the sudden impulses of feelings which were lost almost while they were in process of creation; the vague wondering words and vacant wandering glances are said to have displayed in the actor histrionic power of the highest type. Oxberry said, "We have rarely met with a more deep and discriminating faculty of developing this peculiar idiocy than that he displayed;" and added, "We earnestly recommend him to cultivate his natural quaintness and intelligence, and not for a moment to lose sight of his original talent, although playing to Coburg audiences, who, to say the truth, are enough to spoil the chaste and most guarded actor."

Side by side with his reputation as an actor advanced Mr. Buckstone's fame as a dramatic writer. While he was still at the Coburg he produced his *Curiosity Cured*, a successful piece, not, we perceive, included in the *Era's* list of last week, and also his *Luke the Labourer*, which was played at the Adelphi Theatre in 1826.*

(To be continued.)

OUR most interesting and characteristic sketch of the late Mr. J. B. Buckstone (on page 197) was made about the year 1830 by his friend, the late Daniel Macrise, R.A. It forms one of the famous collection now known as the Macrise Portrait Gallery, a work of genuine historic and literary interest, published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, with whose permission it has been re-engraved for our present issue. In the letterpress accompanying it, written at the time this sketch was first published as one of a series in *Fraser's Magazine*, we read, "All who go to the Adelphi (and who does not go there?) have his face by heart, much better, indeed, than his colleague, and our much-esteemed and admired friend, Jack Reeve, has his parts. His odd countenance—his quaint manner—his whimsical gestures—his indescribably droll voice—have made so deep an impression on theatrical London that we may safely hold ourselves excused from further dilating upon the merits, or the peculiarities of Buckstone, the actor." These lines were written by the late William Magin, LL.D.

* The accidental transposition of nothing (0) converted the date of Mr. Buckstone's birth, on page 174, from 1802 to 1820—an obvious blunder which it is perhaps hardly necessary to correct.

CUBES OF COUGHS AND COLDS.—"I like DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS, because they are portable, pleasant to take, and effectual in cases of Coughs, Colds, &c."—(Signed) G. Smith, Stokesley Station, Northallerton.—They taste pleasantly and give instant relief. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.—[ADVT.]

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISS ELINOR LOVEDAY.

THIS clever artist, whose portrait graces our front page, was born at Smedley, in Lancashire, and at a very early age showed a precocious talent for music. She made her first public appearance at the Ulster Hall, in Belfast, in 1871, afterwards singing in Dublin, and going on a concert tour, during which she was everywhere very well received. Coming to London, Miss Loveday studied under Miss Julia Elton and Mr. Alfred Cellier. Afterwards, wishing to obtain efficiency in the histrionic art, she joined Mr. Edward Saker's company at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, and played the *ingénues* with Mr. Toole and Mr. C. Mathews, both these gentlemen predicting a successful career for the young lady. At the Alexandra, at a moment's notice, she played Perdita in *The Winter's Tale* with very great success, singing all the music allotted to Dorcas. She also played Nelly Armroyd in *Lost in London*. Mr. Russell, of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, one of the ablest provincial critics, remarked of this impersonation—"The part of Nelly, originally played by Miss Neilson, if we mistake not, and fully worthy of an actress of the first-class, was performed by Miss Elinor Loveday, and it is pleasant to have to congratulate her on so considerable a success in a character so much beyond any of her previous undertakings. She interprets the rôle of Nelly both intelligently and with deep feeling; if tears are a sign of success, never was a greater triumph achieved than *Lost in London* obtained." Miss Loveday shortly afterwards returned to London and studied under Mme. Rudersdorff, who, finding that her pupil had a voice of phenomenal compass, and singing, for example, the aria "Gli Angui d'Inferno" from *Il Flauto Magico*, and "Ah non giunge" from *Sonnambula*, in the original keys, strongly advised her to devote herself entirely to opera. Miss Loveday joined Messrs. Carte and Gunn's *Pinafore* company No. 1, and then came to town, where she was much complimented by Mr. Sullivan when she first sang in *Pinafore*. It is worthy of note, by-the-way, that Miss Loveday is the only Josephine who has succeeded in gaining an encore for the scene, "The hours creep on apace," which is now nightly re-demanded. Miss Elinor Loveday's voice is a full, high soprano, very clear and fresh in quality, the compass being from low C to the F in alt. Miss Loveday is still at the *Opéra Comique*, where her acting in the part of Josephine is no less commendable than her singing, and there has been no more satisfactory exponent of the character since first the famous vessel set out on her long cruise.

SOLEMN SPORT AT SUNBURY.

Barbel-fishing is a solemn thing. The ways of barbel are dark. He is the anchorite of the funny tribe, the lay-brother of the fish family. He lurks fathoms deep in dim holes, and sulks under frowning banks, torpid and morose in the cold bosom of his sullen kind. He is not to be lured like other fish. To fish for him is to endure, and not to be attempted without unlimited patience and pale ale. You fish with a weight and a worm. The rod is small, the line is long. The chances of catching your fish within reasonable time are in proportion of the rod to the line. The fisherman, in kindness to the other occupants of the punt, throws out the leaden line for you. Then he hands you the rod, and you—wait. When the barbel nibbles, you "stand by"; when he bites, you strike. He rarely bites. During the exciting hours of waiting the long lob-worm has perhaps wriggled a coil or two off the hook. The worm loses those coils, and you lose your fish. Then the fisherman puts on a new bait, hands you the rod again, and you—wait. It is this that makes barbel-fishing a solemn thing.

You are fishing, say, at Sunbury—there are no better barbel and a friend comes down for a day with barbel. After the first hour or two without "a touch" he becomes pensive, and asks in a general way about perch and roach, and affects an interest in the movements of gudgeon. Now, it may be the earnest wish of your heart that if barbel ever bite they should bite to-day. Mr. Blobbs—his name is not Blobbs, but it doesn't matter—whose acquaintance you encouraged after he sold that bit of stock at 94 he had "put you on" three weeks before at 87, and for whose affection you now yearn, sits at this moment in the punt, naturally round and unnaturally grave. Mr. Blobbs is not a poor man. Mr. Blobbs has a daughter. You learnt the first fact some time ago, the second when you dined a month since at his place at Tulse Hill. The daughter, seventeen, sweet, and most divinely fair, of course, you already love to distraction. But a vague dread has seized you—a sickening, undefined suspicion—that Mr. Blobbs has another less brilliant young man than yourself in his eye: a creature who combines civil engineering with chemistry, and has splendid prospects in the Antipodes. How fervently you pray that in his horrible experiments, and at his earliest convenience, he will mix something wrong together and blow his head off!

You knew Mr. Blobbs dearly loved a day's fishing. But ill-fated hour when you should write: "Barbel are well on the feed and in prime condition. I can promise you some grand sport. Pray come down."

In response to Mr. Blobbs' remark that "the barbel don't bite," you despairingly, but artfully, suggest the bitter beer. Mr. Blobbs drinks bitter beer, and, consequently, he approves. Joy! The man Snowball—who never ceases to talk—suggests another swim. Again, joy! The "Magpie" swim has been already tried. So has the Chainbridge swim.

"Suppose we go down to the Derbyshire 'ouse swim," says Snowball. The Derbyshire House swim be it. The light punt is poled swiftly down the rapid stream, and brought up under a deep, broken bank, whence the willows hang heavily and shade the swim with their bowed branches and dripping leaves.

"A likely spot," says Mr. Blobbs, complacently regarding it through the glass bottom of the emptied tankard. The poles fixed, Snowball is required at the bottle again.

"Not a bad place for lunch, really," murmurs Mr. Blobbs from the tankard. "We can feed here if the fish don't, at all events; ha, ha!"

Your own "Ha, ha!" follows a moment after as a mournful echo. In turning the bend you saw what he didn't see, and what Snowball didn't choose to see—a party poling down from this very spot. That no chance may be lost the lines are cast before the "Magpie" hamper is opened. Mr. Blobbs gives an approving smile as the good things one by one are divested of napkins and spread with smug satisfaction by Snowball on the well. The lunch passes off capitally, Snowball chatters and eats incessantly, and seats are resumed and rods lifted in great good humour. A few minutes and the magnetic trembling of the line which shakes your whole nervous system presages a bite. An excited movement on the part of Mr. Blobbs presages another bite. A sudden tautness of his line, a sharp upward jerk of his rod, and before you can comprehend what is happening, Mr. Blobbs has gone over the back of his chair, out of the punt, into twenty feet of rapid water. Quicker than thought, Snowball grasps at Mr. Blobbs's head, as it darts up on the other side of the punt, and by his sacred locks hoists up the petrified old gentleman until his chin rests on the punt's edge. To say you were too horror-stricken to move is to convey

no impression of the agony of terror endured these few seconds. You sit passive, with rod uplifted in the act of striking, glaring blankly into the blank face of Mr. Blobbs resting there dripping and death-like. Your eyes follow the doleful face as Snowball slides it along towards the bank.

"Lay hold on him, sir, while I shove alongside," from Snowball restores you to action.

To punt alongside is the work of a moment. To drag Mr. Blobbs on to the bank the work of another. Assisted, he staggers to his feet, looks wildly round, and blurts in suffocated tones, "Where's the fish?"

A horrible suspicion seizes you that Mr. Blobbs has lost his reason. In pacific tones you assure him it is all right.

"But where?" stutters Mr. Blobbs. "He pulled me in."

You don't stop to suggest that a fish could barely pull a man over the back of his chair, and are satisfied in getting him into the punt.

"Holloa!" shouts Snowball; "here he is, sir, and a big'un." He has taken up Mr. Blobbs' rod from the bottom of the punt, and is excitedly winding in the run line.

"Curse the fish," is upon your lips, "up with the poles and get us home." But you refrain. Mr. Blobbs in spite of his dazed and dismal state, has snatched away the rod, and is playing the fish with the cool skill of an adroit fisherman.

"A six-pounder if he's a ounce," shouts Snowball.

The fish is game, but slowly, surely Mr. Blobbs works him home, and the cunning Snowball, with the ready net, lands what proves after as fine an eight pound and ten ounces of Thames barbel as was ever bagged.

"The biggest this season, sir," declares Snowball, as he poles home to the Ferry steps.

Mr. Blobbs meets the frightened people at the hotel, trembling but triumphant. In three hours, after hot blankets, hot brandy, and boundless attention from the landlord, you are dining tête-à-tête with Mr. Blobbs in the snug little chintz-room, as if nothing had happened.

PERCY LINDLEY.

COURSING IN IRELAND.

THE JOHNSTOWN COURSING CLUB MEETING AT CLOMANTO CASTLE, COUNTY KILKENNY.

In the fond belief that the dinner, as well as the draw, of the above hospitable club would take place as announced, on Tuesday, the 21st ult., at the Imperial Hotel in the old Marble City of Kilkenny, I, with some other companions of the pen and pencilling craft, shook the dust of Dublin from my feet on that day, and took my place in a smoking compartment of one of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company's carriages, just as the tom-toms of the Fogey's Hospital at Kilmainham were beating their morning nine. The weather being wonderful for the time of year, and a soft gracious sun slanting jovially in upon us through the open windows, we rattled gaily along, now glancing at our morning papers, now interchanging comments and inquiries with others of our fellow-travellers, over the land question, the general crop failure, the little matter of Yakoob Khan and the Ghilzais, and what the Government were going to do with Cetewayo now they've got him; indeed, we made quite a pleasant little party until, just as we had passed Hazelheath, a burly, farmer-like gentleman, looking at his watch, and yawning around upon the company, said, "Dear me, it is ten o'clock. I wonder, now, have they caught the rest of those forger fellows yet?" In an instant all was gloom, where before were laughter and courteous amenity, each man scowlingly regarded his neighbours, sucked loweringly at his pipe, or shrouded himself with severe exclusiveness behind the sheltering sheet of his favourite "daily." Indeed, one small, crisp, Kilkenny-frieded gentleman looked so hardly at me that I was several times tempted to say to him, "Upon my soul, my dear sir, if you'll believe me, I am not a forger; indeed, I'm not; I am a poor humble artist who has to sketch everything of interest that comes in my way, for a living." But then the horrid thought that an artist was at the very bottom of the whole nefarious transaction, in the production of the notes, restrained me, and visions of pompous law-defining policemen, of hasty, and not over-ebriate magistrates, of glittering handcuffs, of whole hosts of mistaken identities, and of wild telegrams to a distracted wife and mother-in-law, so overwhelmed me that peace was not restored to my heart until Mr. Crisp took his departure, after the manner of a suspicious little rough-coated terrier, at Kildare; then all was brightness once more till our arrival at Kilkenny, which took place at the stroke of noon, and here came our first disappointment.

For we learned to our bitter grief on arriving at the Imperial that, for some unexplained reason, head-quarters had been removed to Johnstown, some thirteen miles away, and that no dinner would take place, as advertised in the programme. Now this to ordinary tourists might seem quite a trivial affair, but to those whose duties in connection with the meeting led them over the many miles of rail traversed since morning, the news was bodeful, indeed. However, there was nothing now for it but to make the best of the matter. We agreed to go by the long car, which starts daily at three o'clock, and amuse ourselves meanwhile over the city. So, after learning that entries for the morrow were fair, and the promise of sport good, that Colonel St. George was tireless in his exertions, as well as Mr. Warwick, who would officiate as judge, while Hoysted would put the dogs in slips at Clomanto Castle at half-past nine sharp—out we sauntered, pipe in mouth, down the main street, past the Tholsel and the Court House, where we ascended the high steps, and were gazed at as interesting savages by the citizens passing beneath; thence by John-street and over John's Bridge, where we stood to admire the beautiful scenery around, with the sparkling waters of the Nore now flashing rapidly below our feet.

O the boatmen went down
The brown river a rowing,
And an old man stood near
In a meadow a mowing.

Thus I was beginning, after my soliloquising way, when I was startled by a voice beside me:

"No, yer hanner, the mowin' is out o' me long agone; it's the plumbaygo that thrubbles me, wid respicks, and the last scythe ever I'll handle I bought forty year ago, at Banim the Pote's shop over; bud ye'r strangers, gentlemen, as I can see, and I'll show ye, if ye care for it, over the city. I'm not too bruck for that yit, thank Heaven!"

We turned. A dreadful old nightcapped fellow was almost within repulsive contact, his bleary eyes searching us through and through, his whisky breath coming hot upon our faces.

"Are you a Kilkenny man yourself?" asked one of us.

"Citizen I am, yer hanner, born an' bred. That St. Kennis's over," he continued, seeing my gaze directed where the fine Round Tower stands by the grey old Cathedral. "The saint's name was Kenny, ye see, gentleman, till the English come, and they bein' grand an' stuck up, wanted him to change it in regard of its been common, an' not being genteel enough for the King to make a cardinal of him. 'Change me name?' says the saint, 'change is id?' says he. 'No, be my soul, a Kenny I was born an' a Kenny I'll die, an' the criss o' me crass on them that'd make me do the differ.' So thin the Saxons killed him, bad luck to them, for his piety, and howlden on to the name God gev' him, an' berried him in the owd church

over, and the city is called Kill-Kenny ever since that time, an' will, plaze God, till the Nore flows back into the Queen's County."

Then the old fellow, having received a gratuity from each of us, directed us where to find the long ear that was to take us to Johnstown.

This is one of the pleasantest drives of which I have knowledge. We wind by the lovely Nore, with the beautiful race-course of Kilkenny running on our right till we come to the pretty village of Three Castles, then away we proceed amid soft heathy hills until our first stop at the post town of Freshford, here the long or Bianconi car is changed for an ordinary one-horse outside, and off we start again, passing now the beautiful demesne of Colonel Howard St. George, the president of the club, then by the little village of Clomanto, by a place called Ballieff, and into Johnstown for dinner, through the pitchy darkness of a late October evening, for it is seven o'clock when we arrive at the hospitable door of Mr. Rochford, to whose hotel we have been confidently recommended by the driver.

Having in view the earliness of the hour appointed for putting the dogs in slips, we order a car for morning from the courteous landlord, and scudding away to bed, after a hearty dinner, we sleep the sleep of the tired if not of the just.

Retracing our path of yesterday some four Irish miles, we rattle cheerily over the road on the fateful morn, after a bounteous breakfast, until at last Clomanto Castle, the seat of Mr. Michael Shortal, one of the truest and best of Ireland's sportsmen, comes into view. Half-way to this house of hospitality we come on a fine old barbican, from whose top, where there is a mystic stone known as Mountgarret's Chair, you can behold four other castles or towers of the Pale, as well as the gap of the celebrated Devil's Bit mountain. The legend of this famous spot is that the devil one night finding himself tired and hungry on the mountain ridge bit, in his frenzy, a great mouthful out of the range, but experiencing a certain toughness in the morsel, he dropped it in disgust, and the morsel so dropped is known since as the Rock of Cashel.

Early as we arrived on the ground we found judge, slippers, and beaters ready to begin; the stewards, too, showed pretty active and well up to their business; they were Mr. T. Neville, D.L.; Mr. E. J. Maher; Mr. P. Kelly; Mr. Thomas Norton; Mr. Shine, and Dr. Power. The weather was a little unpromising at first, but cleared up well about noon, and continued lovely all day. Game was in abundance but rather wild, and although a good many hares were driven past the slipper in the first heat, he was unable to get a course. The attendance was very large, but, I am sorry to say, very unruly; but the running was truly creditable for the first day.

On Thursday the meet took place at Spa House at 9.30 sharp, the day proving beautifully fine, thanks to the absence of the bloods, or roughs, as we term them, the sport was much more enjoyable than the day before. Mr. Norton, or Sporting Tom as he is fondly known all over the country, came well to the front with his kennel, all of his three dogs having won their courses, and thus he becomes entitled to the Mountgarret Cup, he having won it last year with Nabob.

A curious feature pertaining to the Johnstown Club, as I learn, is the auctioning or canteing of the hares at the close of each day's proceedings. The most loquacious and facetious of the gentleman members is usually chosen as auctioneer, and the matter affords rare sport, as the hares are canted Dutch fashion beginning with some outrageously high price, and coming gradually down until at last any amount offered is accepted. The proceeds, I am informed, go towards remunerating the beaters and other outside expenses of the club.

And now for the result of the meet, as darkness coming on, and two courses of the Park Stakes unable to be got they had to be divided:—

MOUNTGARRET CUP.
Mr. Norton's Nutcracker beat Desmond
Mr. Norton's No Chance beat Evening Star
Mr. Norton's Notice to Quit beat Millionaire
[Divided.]

PARK STAKES also divided between Fawn, Negus, and Escape.

Mr. Warwick judged with his usual ability, and Hoysted (under difficulties) performed his duty well, while Mr. and Mrs. Rochford received the grateful thanks of all for the kindly hospitality they extended to their friends and visitors.

An interval occurring in the sports we utilised it to visit a mineral spa in the neighbourhood. It is situated at the base of a hill, and enclosed within a sheltering little house, where it is kept clear and clean as a wonder-working well ought to be. Its fame has gone far and wide for the curative powers it is said to possess, but I must say if its worth might be gauged by its taste the country folk would not congregate in such crowds around it on Sundays and festival days.

This little village of Clomanto is now celebrated for all time, through the vigorous, if not classic verses of Mun Tobin, a country "Pote" not yet too well known to fame, who last year sung in lines addressed to sporting Tom Norton—

The twenty-fourth of last September
Both young and old will long remember,
When Nabob did his master bring
(While mountains shook, and men did sing)
The stakes with the Mountgarret Cup,
From which strong coffee he can sup, &c., &c.

"THE FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON."

Oh! who has been in such a scene,
That scene can ne'er forget!
In sorrow's mood—in solitude,
That scene will haunt him yet;
In festal times, in other climes,
He'll think of days so dear,
And take a cup and drain it up
To saddle, spur, and spear.

THESE lines will exemplify the feelings be it of the ardent sportsman or the veteran of the chase, when the first week in November again ushers in "The Opening Day" so ably depicted by our artist. Cub-hunting has been duly carried out, and although some rare scurries have been witnessed over the open after the younger members of the vulpine race, and in some instances a sterner pursuit after an old fox when hounds have slipped away, real business has not begun until to-day. Now the war-paint, so to speak, of the chase is donned. Huntsmen and whips in fresh new scarlets, which will witness many a catastrophe by flood and field ere April, throwing her spring-like garb around, bids the pursuit of Reynard to cease; the "field" likewise, having cast off their mufti "get up," are really accoutred for the season, whilst horse and hound are equally prepared for the commencement of the campaign of 1879-80, which we hope will prove more successful than the last; for, owing to frost of almost unprecedented length of late years, that was a season of lengthy disappointment, and horse and hound were for many weeks idle in box and on bench.

Already much sport has been witnessed on "The Opening Day." As instances we may begin with the time-honoured fixture of the Quorn at Kirby Gate, whither wended their way the cream of the shires, and amongst them, for his first visit to Leicestershire, in his eighty-fourth year, the veteran Rev. John Russell, still as staunch as ever in his love of the chase. Gartree Hill afforded a rare good fox, which showed excellent sport. The Duke of Beaufort's hounds the same day

had a run of as near as possible the same length of time, winding up with a kill, and Lord Worcester notably distinguished himself by his admirable manner of handling his hounds. Up to then the Badminton had been out 48 times, and killed 29 brace of cubs. The Brocklesby began late, not till Doncaster Cup day, owing to the late harvest, but notwithstanding they inaugurated their season well, as in the two previous instances. The Belvoir, after a very good cubbing season, had their opening day on same date at Great Gonerby—a large field out. The Berkeley Hounds began at the Ship Hotel, Alveston, where the noble Master, Lord Fitzhardinge, was met by a large field who know their way so well over the Vale and are devoted to this old-established pack, which was never in better form than in the present day. A smart gallop and kill in the open ensued. Lord Middleton's Hounds met at Birdsall House. The Grove Hounds opened their ball at a similar date, and it is especially noticeable as being the occasion of the presentation by the gentlemen of the Hunt of a testimonial to their noble master, Lord Galway, M.P., as a token of esteem on his marriage. Sir Bache Cunard's hounds had a good and hard day from Gumley to begin with. Lord Fermoy's hounds have had a capital cubbing season, and have begun their regular one well. The Braneham Moor commenced real business, though without much luck, on the 4th. The York and Ainsty have had several good runs, and the Badsworth had a capital run last week, and three weeks ago in the low country 2 hours and 50 min., and killed. The Atherstone held their first day at Bosworth Park, and had a good day's sport. The Warwickshire held their first day at Walton Hall, where Sir Charles Mordaunt gave a hunt breakfast, but, owing to want of scent, had not much sport. The North Warwickshire began as usual at Stoneleigh Abbey. The Pytchley met at North Kilworth, in presence of an immense field, which had a capital day, especially those who stayed for the last good thing. The V.W.H., under the new master, Mr. Charles Hoare, has begun in the best form. The Burton Hounds have just finished the best cubbing season they ever had, after some grand woodland days with brilliant finishes in the open. Lord Macclesfield, with the South Oxfordshire, has been having capital sport, especially on one occasion in their vale country of 1 hour 50 min. The Tedworth had their first meet at Tedworth House, the seat of Sir John Kelk, 300 horsemen were present, but not much sport till end of the day, when they had a sharp gallop over the downs to ground at Sidbury Hill. The Cotswold opened at Seven Springs, and had a fair day's sport from Chatcomb Wood. The Blackmore Vale killed 24 brace cubs of, for the most part, remarkably strong running cubs in twenty-five days. The South Berks (Mr. Hargreave's) met on the 3rd at Silchester Dials, but want of scent was a stopper to the expected fun. The Old Berkshire are doing well, with Lord Craven for master, and the veteran John Treadwell as huntsman. The Worcestershire meet was at Mr. Allsopp's, M.P., and Mr. Ames, the successor to Mr. Morrell, was greeted by a large field. The Monmouthshire had three hours and a quarter with a kill to usher in their season over their somewhat rough country. Mr. Radclyffe's Hounds met, as usual, at Came House to begin with. To the regret of all, the master has not been out now for some seasons, owing to ill health. They have killed 8 brace foxes in 16 days. The Vine began at Oakley House, the seat of the master, Mr. Beach. West has the pack in rare trim. This pack were dashed into by the express train in a cutting a few days previously; a couple of hounds were killed, and the fox lost his brush ere the pack caught him. The Heythrop had a rattling 45 minutes, and afterwards a sharp 15 minutes. The Albrighton had a lawn meet at Weston Park, the seat of Lord Bradford, and afterwards a spin over the park and a kill, and a sharp burst to follow. The South and West Wilts Hounds began on Guy Faux's Day, and pulled down their fox after 1 hour 12 minutes. The Crawley and Horsham met at that fine old mansion, Parham, in that lovely part of Sussex. Space forbids more, and for the present we take leave, bidding success to all, no only those hunts of which we have here given a brief sketch, but those which we must postpone notice of till a future occasion.

Each season has its joys, 'tis true,
And none should wisdom spurn;
But those who nature rightly view,
Enjoy them in their turn;
The angler, racer, courser, shot—
As each to each is borne;
But the season of seasons is it not
When the huntsman winds his horn?

ACTION.

THE NORTHERN MINER AND COKE-BURNER.

There is, of course, considerable difference in the employment of these men, the miner being engaged in taking the coals from the bowels of the earth and the coke-burner in making coke for heating and smelting purposes. But the work in both cases is exhaustive, unpleasant, and attended with risks, and is performed by men taken from the same classes of society, and having the same habits, failings, sympathies, and virtues. When, now some years ago—a long time back judged by the sad experiences of the interval—the Franco-German War and other causes filled our iron and coal trades with a feverish activity, the labouring population became possessed of the idea that the mining counties were more profitable than the gold fields, and that black diamonds were quite as valuable as white ones, men broke up their homes and deserted their businesses, an made for the north. Hodge left his plough and Jack his ship. Old towns became over-populated and new towns sprung into existence. Two or three families lived in one house. It is a literal fact, that not only in many a house, but in many a street full of houses, the beds were never cold; as the day-men rose, night-men turned in. Those were the times when it was said that Geordie fed his dog on sirloin steaks (not the tenderest cut in the beast), and quenched his own thirst with champagne; when he bought sixty-guinea pianos for his daughters and decorated his own person with great gold chains; when he and his family clothed themselves in costly apparel, and fared more than sumptuously every day. The comic papers were full of bitter jokes at the expense of our barbarians of the pit. Professional men and gentlefolk generally compared their incomes with the fabulous earnings of the pitman, and sadly shrugged their shoulders at the turning of the world upside down in these latter days. People wonderingly told each other what "Geordie" was earning per shift, many of them not knowing what a "shift" was; and it was almost believed that the wonderful miner brought the coal to hand by merely looking at the pit as he stood idling on the bank in magnificent attire, jingling the sovereigns in his pockets in the brief intervals between debauch and debauch. Of course, much of this, most of it, was sheer exaggeration. Pitmen made large wages for a time, it is true; but their earnings were only in proportion to the profits of the trade during that period. Pitmen were extravagant, but were not their "bettors" as wasteful? What else could be expected from untutored and hitherto stinted men? In those days of intoxicated trade, others besides the coal-hewer and coke-burner, went "off their heads," as they say in the coal country. What revelations the Bankruptey Court has made! It was only the other day that the mansion of a now-beggared North-country ironmaster was described in the papers. The

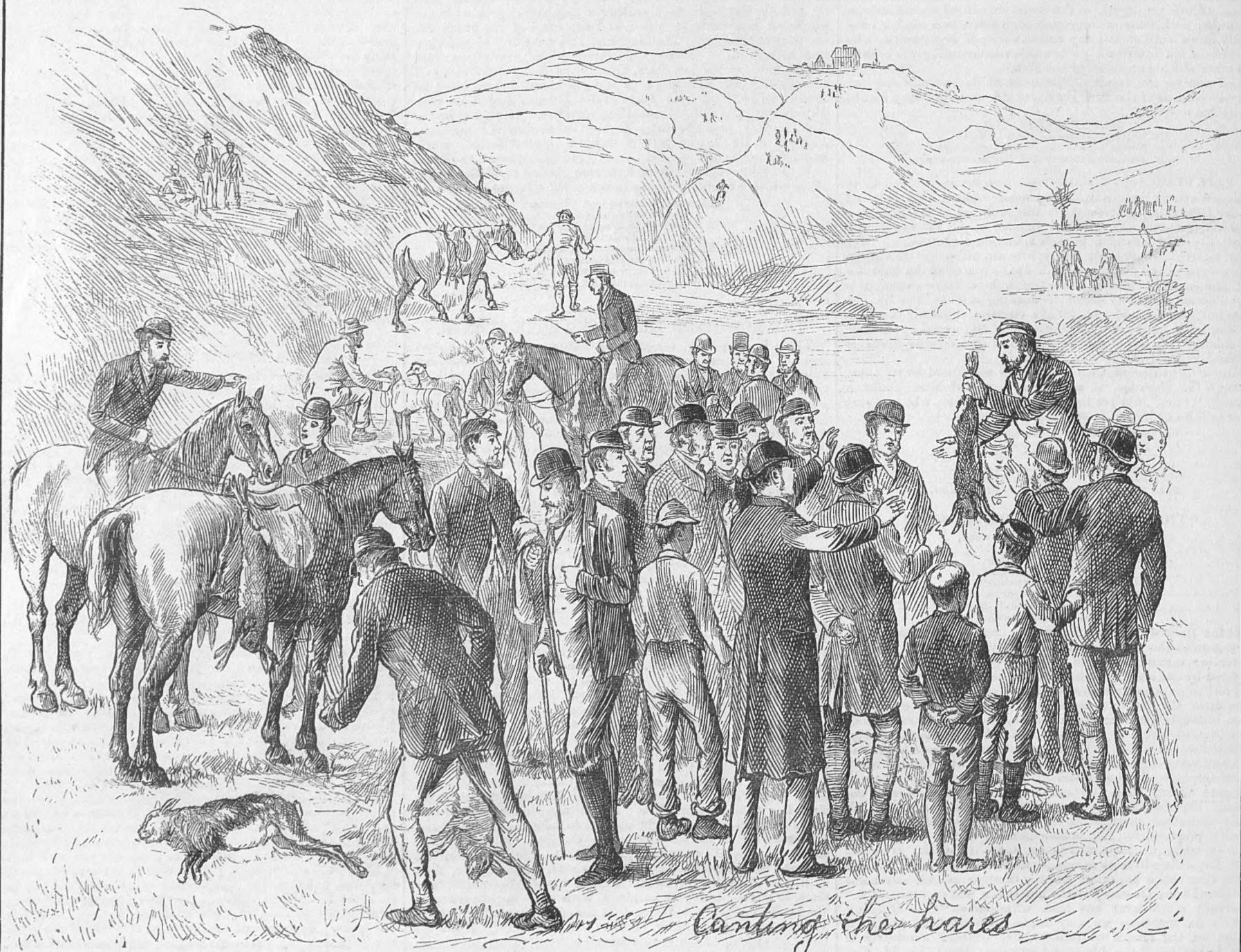
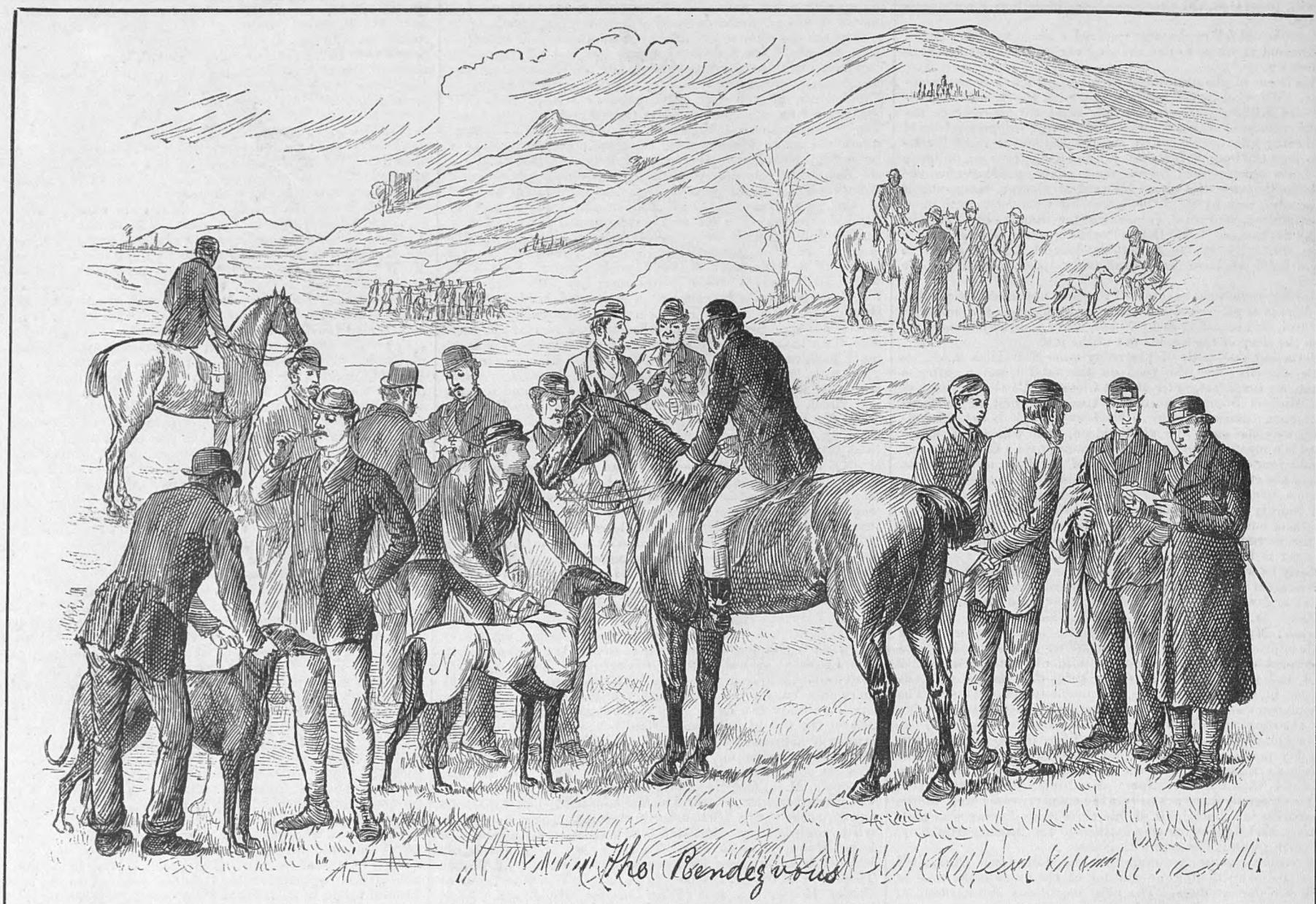
billiard-room alone, with its decorations and paintings by an R.A., its carvings by foreign artists, and the rest of it, cost over £40,000. The working-classes rushed to the ironworks and the coal mines, and the black-coated people went in the same direction. Clerks became masters, professional men and tradesmen began to speculate in coal and iron, men from being nobodies suddenly assumed the direction of great industries. Everyone either owned a coal mine or a blast furnace or both. The display of wealth was vulgar, the extravagance was simply wicked. The people sat down to eat and drink and rose up to play. No one should abuse "poor Geordie." He merely lost his head like everybody else; and poor fellow, he has had plenty of the penance of fasting since. Times have changed, and with none more than the pitman, the coke drawer and the ironmaster. Mines are closed, ovens are cold, and grass grows in the deserted ironworks. Geordie's principal occupation nowadays is to play ball or marbles, and to whistle for better times. Taking him on the whole he isn't a bad sort of fellow, and quite as good as his neighbour. His work (when he has any) is heavy, and the risk great. We who owe so much to his labours for our personal comfort and the working of our machinery, should not begrudge him his wages. It is not child's play handling the pick underground or working before a coke oven, as our illustrations depict; but such as it is, thousands of sturdy fellows would be glad to be busy at it to-day. The story of Geordie's life is soon told. The colliery village is adjacent to the pit. The houses—which are not all models—are owned by the mine owners, and stand back to back. For the most part they are—or rather they used to be—well-furnished, neat, and bright. The womenfolk are not a sight to turn a man's head from. You will find as buxom, pretty, and blythesome specimens of the fair sex among the miners' wives and daughters as anywhere in England. In many cases there is a bit of well-tended garden, and generally a brilliant set of window plants. Then there is the dog. The miner's fondness for his dog is made a subject of many a jest, at which none laugh heartier than himself. Geordie is met one Sunday morning, trundling a wheelbarrow and looking the picture of misery. Questioned about his trouble, he replies that it is a crushing one. It is not that his favourite child is dead, nor that his wife is sick: these afflictions he could bear, but he has lost his dog, and in his terrible wretchedness he trundles out the wheelbarrow for company, for he says "a chap looks so fond vivout his dawg." Since the miner has lost his work the canine companion has been missing, but not so long as there was a penny to pay for a license. Where all the dogs have gone to is a mystery only known to those great mystery-men, the makers of sausages and meat-pies. The miner is fond, too, of gambling. Fond, did we say? it is a passion, the strength of which cannot be estimated by dwellers in the southern counties. The newspapers which supply him with his politics had far better come out minus the latest news from Afghan than the latest sporting. In fair comparison London is nothing to Newcastle on a great boat-race day. Tyneside may be starving, but it will find something to "put on" the race. Has not the reader heard of the dying pitman who was told by the clergyman that if he repented he would go to heaven and be an angel? "An' will 'a' he wings?" inquired Geordie. The parson replied in the affirmative, and in response to other inquiries went on to say that he himself would be an angel and have wings, whereupon Geordie proffered a bet that when they got to heaven he would fly his reverence for a sovereign. But all miners do not gamble nor are they always betting. Besides those who spend their spare time and money in the public house, or other sporting resorts, there are thousands connected with mechanics' institutes, temperance and religious societies, and other religious, moral, and educational institutions. Nearly every village has its reading-room and institute, and several chapels. Already great advances have been made in the condition of our mining population. Nineteenth century influences for good are as potent around the coal pit as at the West End of London. Religion, temperance, and virtue are gaining adherents by that power which is increasing everywhere the agencies of Christianity: here it may be the restoration of a cathedral, there the opening of a mission-room. The Education Act will entirely change succeeding generations. New forces are coming into play; the old order changes in the pit village as elsewhere. Happily our people readily adapt themselves to the better state of things, and despite trades union mistakes, outbreaks of brutality, gambling excesses, and the like, there are those qualities and capabilities in the population of our mining districts, which bespeak the continued greatness and increased moral and intellectual excellence of our country.

BATTUE SHOOTING.

THERE yet linger amongst us many old-fashioned sportsmen—we write the word with satisfaction, having much sympathy with them—who have not given in their adherence to battue shooting, but find more pleasure and quite as much excitement in pheasant shooting as it existed in a bygone age. In these go-ahead times, however, there are many who consider this sort of thing too slow, and consequently when a man determines to shoot his preserves, instead of the occasional report of the gun which used to be heard, those who are within hearing might fancy that a brisk infantry skirmish was in progress—always supposing that their ears were not sufficiently acute to distinguish between the report of the gun and the crack of the rifle. The sketch represents a familiar scene now being enacted in many parts of the country.

INAUGURATION AT TURIN OF THE MONUMENT IN COMMEMORATION OF THE CUTTING THROUGH THE HEIGHT OF FREJUS.

The ceremony of unveiling the monument erected at Turin commemorative of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, took place there on Sunday, 26th October last, in presence of King Humbert, and a distinguished company. Upon a sign from the Syndic, the coverings which hid the monuments fell, amidst the loudest applause from the crowd. The monument, which is very beautiful, has been erected in the Place del Statuto. Upon a pile of rocks, of which every little piece has been brought from Mont Cenis, are groups of giants, who seem struggling against invisible enemies. Grappling each block, they resist this unknown force which throws them from their old resting-place, they exhaust themselves in vain efforts, and fall, casting a look of terror towards the Genius of Science which hovers above the mass of granite. This Genius scatters them on their way by a simple movement of his hand, which yet holds the pen with which it has just inscribed upon a tablet of rock the names Sommeiller, Grattone, and Grandis. The Genius is in bronze, and the giants in white stone from Videon. At the foot is an enormous oval basin which receives the water that falls from all the clefts in the rocks. Upon one of the rocks, at the base of the pedestal, are engraved the following words: "A Sommeiller, Grattone, Grandis, che unirono due populi latini col traforo del Frejus." The drawings of the monument are by Comte Panisera, the statues have been executed by the pupils of the Academy of Arts, under the direction of M. Tabacchi, and all the works of arrangement have been made by M. Ardy.



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further showed the nakedness of the land, fields ruling small and indifferent throughout, and nothing can be more wearying than having to attend, as it were, the obsequies of sport, with proceedings dull and slow as a funeral, relieved with ghastly attempts to get up a little mild speculation at intervals. Old Chimney Sweep, with a "hearsey" look about him, beat a couple in the Craven Steeple Chase; the eternal Bishop Burton did the ditto for a similar number in the Toxteth Welter Handicap; while in the North Nursery the opposition dwindled down to two, Sparkenhoe having only Miss Coventry to beat. Discord, at healthy odds, and without his *bête noire* Robbie Burns to trouble him, beat Rylstone and Touchet in the Duchy Cup, and the roaring Reconciliation, apparently always on the lookout for upsetting certainties, bowled over the hapless Sir Joseph in the Great Lancashire Handicap, with the hunter Quits at the latter's heels. We have neither space nor patience to chronicle the small beer of this dismal Friday.

Taken as a whole, Shrewsbury showed us somewhat better sport than Liverpool, but still there were none of those monster fields of former days, notwithstanding judicious curtailment of the programme, and certainly we are as yet unable to record a revival in racing as in City circles. Some may say with Horace, "Non eadem est retas, non mens"; but the real truth is, that the backbone of these late autumn meetings are what may be termed "middle class" owners of racchorses, and men of this kidney have naturally been the first to feel the effects of recent bad times, and the first things to go to the wall in such cases are the instruments of gambling. There were eight items on Tuesday's card, commencing with the Cleveland Handicap Welter Plate, for which Mr. D. Cooper was first and second with Strathavon and Star and Garter, Kilcorran running up third, and none of the favourites ever showing prominently; while Paramatta had only Don Juan and Beauregard to beat for the Battlefied Welter, the winner being bought in for 150 guineas. Yet another Welter came next, in the shape of the Wynnstay Handicap, for which Rosbach and Batty were both in brisker demand than Friar Rush, who, nevertheless, beat the pair very cleverly; and a similar verdict might be claimed for the Wee Lassie colt, who secured the Groby Cup from Carnifex, at a stone the worst of the weights, Albany being next best. The Abbey Stakes brought out the biggest field of the day, and Cairngorm came very hot in the market at last, but both he and Elsham Lad, the next in favour, were bowled over by Alice Maud, for whose possession Sir G. Chetwynd had to pay 260 guineas. Essayez was bought in for 300 guineas after his successful essay in the Selling Nursery Handicap; Indigo fetched 80 guineas more to Humphreys, after beating three very moderate ones in the Newport Plate; and Robbie Burns fully made out his claim to rank as a staunch stayer by beating Rylstone in the Queen's Plate, and had he stood up for "t' Leger" there is really no saying what havoc he might not have played with Rayon d'Or, Ruperra, and Co.

On Wednesday things looked a trifle livelier at starting, but fields eventually dwindled down, and it is evident that it requires a master mind to command the success formerly invariably attaching to the gatherings under the shadow of Wrekin. Strathcoo and Strathraich fought out the issue of the "Borough Members' Nursery Handicap Plate"—a good mouthful in the way of titles—to the advantage of the former; and Lord Wilton, who has netted a goodly haul of little fish this season, had another sweetener with Quickstep in the Acton Burnell Stakes, Tom Cannon claiming the winner for 210 guineas. Essayez had only three duffers to beat in the Haughmond Plate, but nothing short of a "monkey" would suffice to buy in the useful young Albert Victor; and then a dozen numbers went up for the great race, Sun of York, Avontes, and Chevronel being the trio upon which the affections of backers were mostly centred, though Simba was not without friends, and Breadfnder had a fair following before the fall of the flag. The race, however, was nothing but a runaway one for Rosy Cross, Mr. Rymill's filly making play with a vengeance, and cutting the throats of her opponents, without giving any of them a chance to get within hail of her. Avontes, Breadfnder, and Simba were her immediate followers, but Sun of York never made the "glorious summer" so fondly anticipated by his friends, and Reconciliation once more cut a sorry figure. Kilcorran next did the Astley colours a good turn by beating The Cellarer and Strathavon in the Grendon Welter Handicap, and Bishop Burton would not be denied his usual selling race, Colonel Forester buying in the grey again for 235 guineas. The very useful Carnifex won the Tankerville Nursery, after a tough race with Albany, with Death or Glory a bad third; and a Hunters' Flat Race brought proceedings to a close, Zitta and Chester being elected favourites, and having the finish to themselves.

Next week we shall have something to say concerning a recent visit to the Mentmore Stud.

SKYLARK.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

Clare College Cambridge Sports were held last Thursday and Friday, but the performances were of a very mediocre character, the only event of interest being the Strangers' 150 Yards Handicap, which H. Smith, St. John's, 8 yards, won by half a yard from H. Lewis, of Christ's College, on the same mark; H. P. Hodson, of Magdalene, 4 yards, who got off badly, being third, beaten about six inches. The time—15 3-5 sec—was, however, nothing very grand.

As I anticipated, Hawdon managed to defeat Forster pretty easily at the finish, last Monday, but it was not such a good thing for him as the price, 2 to 1, laid on him at starting would make it. Forster won the toss, but gained no very great advantage by taking the northern berth, but getting away by mutual consent the non-favourite made "all the running" for half a mile, when he began to roll from distress. He, however, in the gamiest manner possible, stuck to his man and managed to hold his own until 200 yards from the winning-post, when he was dead settled, and Hawdon drawing away at every stroke, won by a couple of lengths. Time, 6min 38sec. A friend who witnessed the struggle, and is a pretty good judge, tells me that a gamier or better race has seldom been rowed on the Tyne, and thinks that with a little more experience the loser will have more than a 2 to 1 chance with his present conqueror.

A. H. Prior, of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, made rather mincemeat of W. Logan, of Downing, for the final heat of the Colquhoun Sculls on Monday, as, although drawing the worst station he won very easily by about a hundred yards in 8min 33sec. The victor is a very popular member of his club, being coxswain to the four which has gained so much credit during the past two seasons.

Hawdon now offers to scull Harry Thomas or Frank Emmett on the Thames, and Kempster and Emmett on the Tyne—each match for "a century"; or he will join in a sweepstakes with Thomas and Emmett over the Thames Championship course.

Oxford University Freshmen's sports on Monday and Tuesday were decidedly a failure, the entries for the various events being very meagre, whilst no form worthy of special notice was displayed. This is the more a matter of surprise from the fact that athletic sports are now looked upon with favour by the authorities at most public and other schools, so that neophytes at University

running should show form in advance of previous years instead of going back. Results of the various events, I suppose, however, I must give briefly. 100 Yards Race.—E. F. Grawse, Balliol, 1; T. E. Wells, Magdalene, 2; H. A. Levy, Hertford, 3. Won by 5 inches; a foot between second and third; time 10 2-5sec. Quarter Mile.—E. F. Grawse, Balliol, 1; T. E. Wells, Magdalene, 2. Won by 4 yards; time 53 4-5sec. Broad Jump.—W. P. Haskett-Smith, Trinity, 20ft. 3in., 1. One Mile.—C. M. Hawker, University, 1; W. Ord, University, 1; E. E. Mainwaring, Pembroke, 1. Won by 4 yards; dead heat for second; time 4min. 46 3-5sec. 120 Yards, Hurdles.—W. E. Haskett-Smith, Trinity, 1. Won by 3yd; time 19 1-5sec. High Jump.—H. Fines-Clinton, Keble, was unopposed, but he could only clear 4ft. 9in. The Handicaps open to the rest of the University—distance 150 yards, one mile, and quarter mile—were won respectively by J. A. L. Fellowes, Exeter, 8yd, time 15sec.; C. W. Daubeney, Keble, 110yd, time 4min. 35sec; and E. H. Kinder, B.N.C., 18yd; time 51 3-5sec.

Miserable weather assisted at the St. John's College, Cambridge, Sports on Monday and Tuesday, the principal attraction being the Strangers' Race, a 300 yards handicap, which fell to a genuine stranger, J. H. Wren, well known to metropolitans, who with 10 yards start won in a canter; time, 32 4-5secs.; E. L. Lucas, Jesus, 9 yards, second; and C. J. Johnstone, of the same society, 11 yards, third. In the members' events H. Smith seemed almost invincible, he carrying off the 100 Yards and Quarter of a Mile level races, the High Jump at 5ft. 1in., the 200 Yards and 350 Yards Handicaps from scratch, and the 120 Yards Handicap with 2 yards start. None of the other performances are worthy of special notice.

On Monday evening, at the monthly meeting of the Swimming Association of Great Britain, Horace Davenport received the One Mile Championship Cup for Amateurs, which, through his being victorious this summer for the third successive year, becomes his own property. He having now held the title of champion amateur for six years has given notice of his intention to retire.

Hertford, in the persons of W. Marsh, E. Buck, H. W. Disney, and D. E. Brown (stroke) won the Oxford University Coxswainless Fours on Friday last.

At both Universities the presidents are giving the trial eights plenty of work, both in "tubs" and together, but as the actual doings of either are of no interest outside their own particular circle, I may pass them over.

My old acquaintances, the Cheshire Tally Ho's and Longsight Harriers, both had runs from their respective headquarters last Saturday, and I may here mention that when a short paragraph is forwarded me by Monday's post by hon. secs. in either the metropolitan district or provinces, I shall only be too pleased, space permitting, to give a line of their doings.

That hilly country round Romiley and Marple was the rendezvous of the C.T.H., and a rare run they had, as will be gleaned from the following:—The hares, H. M. Oxley and J. Peirce, set off from the Romiley Arms at 3.25, and passing under the canal made across the fields to the river, fording it near Marple Hall. Thence they continued on their way over the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway and the canal to Marple Church, and down the hill over the Didsbury branch canal, through the precipitous woods to the old Packhorse Bridge over the river Goit. After this they worked over the hills to near Mellor Church, whence the hares had doubled for Compstall village; after two more refreshing wades through the river Etherow, and when about a mile and a half from home, they got on to the road and made home. Treliving, the leader of the pack, reached the hotel at 5.30, twenty minutes after the hares, the other twelve turning up at very short intervals. Whip, L. Jones; pacemaker, H. Corbett; distance about 11 miles.

Seventeen turned out at the Longsight meeting, the hares, T. Moore and A. Bushby, slipping away with the trail at a quarter to four; and twenty minutes later the pack, consisting of J. Vickers (pacemaker), J. L. Beatson, J. Bagshaw, G. H. Bannister, J. H. Bowker (whip), T. Bannister, W. J. Bramhall, F. Bonsall (introduced), D. Collinge, A. Catterall, J. Denham, F. Gill, G. H. Howarth, R. Jackson, J. D. Leigh, H. Garvey, and T. Bottomley, were slipped in pursuit. The hares kept to the high road for a considerable distance until arriving at Longford-bridge, making their way thence under the canal bridge, and along the tow-path to Edge-lane, where, slipping through Inman's timber-yard, they crossed the high road and took the fields, making for Ashton-on-Mersey skating rink. Passing through Baguley, they once again took the road as far as Sale toll-bar, and, crossing the fields towards Altringham, before reaching the village veered round along the side of Cheshire Waters until close on Sale, when "home" was the order, and, after a nice run of nine miles, they came in as follows:—Hares: A. Bushby, at 4.55 p.m.; T. Moore, 5.0 p.m. Hounds: D. Collinge, 5.5 p.m., 1st; G. H. Bannister, 5.51 p.m., 2nd; J. Vickers, 5.6 p.m., 3rd; J. D. Leigh, 5.61 p.m., 4th; J. Bagshaw, 5-61 p.m., 5th; J. Denham and F. Bonsall, 6th and 7th, together; and the rest well up.

South Manchester Lacrosse club visited Blackley last Saturday, and beat the local twelve by three goals to one, the teams being as follows:—South Manchester: Rowbotham, goal; Briggs, point; Tee, cover point; Hockney, 3rd man; Davison, centre; Rennie, 1st home; Slinn, 2nd home; Moller, 3rd home; A. Adderley, H. Adderley, Ermerson, and Fullar, fielders. Blackley: Pilling, goal; Robinson, point; Wareing, cover point; Standing, 3rd man; Weaver, centre; Rhodes, 1st home; Duckworth, 2nd home; Cliff, 3rd home; J. Holroyd, G. Holroyd, J. M'Laine, and J. Love, fielders.

Lovers of billiards will have at length something to amuse themselves with, as on Monday next, and following days, a tournament upon the American system will take place at the Aquarium, when Joseph Bennett, G. Collins, Fred Bennett, John Roberts, sen., D. Richards, G. Hunt, J. Lloyd, and W. Mitchell will compete.

Heaps of Football matches have taken place, only a few of which, of course, I can find space for. In the Association Cup ties Old Carthusians beat Acton; Old Harrovians, Finchley; Notts Forest, Notts; Hotspur and Argonauts, and Hendon and Old Foresters both played drawn games.

In the annual match, Rugby Association rules, Blackheath v. Cambridge University, a most determined struggle took place on the St. John's cricket ground on Saturday, when the result was a draw, neither side obtaining a goal.

Eton College Sports commenced on Tuesday and concluded this afternoon. Cave major won the hurdles, Baxter the hundred, and Onslow the quarter in the senior division; whilst in the junior batch the same races were secured by Newton minor, who took the hurdles and hundred, and Cave minor.

B.N.C., Oxford, sports were a success, so a wire informs me, the following being a bare return:—Broad Jump: E. C. Treplin, 18ft 10in. High Jump: R. G. Hughes, 4ft 11in. 150 Yards Handicap: P. J. M. Rogers, 9 yards, first. 100 Yards Race: C. Sneyd Kynnersley, first. Quarter: J. G. Smith, first. Mile: T. H. Longtown, first. Hurdles: F. W. Hayes, first. Mile Walking: A. J. Scott, first. Strangers' Race (125 yards hurdle handicap): J. A. L. Fellowes, Exeter, 5 yards start, first; C. A. W. Gilbert, 2 yards, second. Won by a foot.

EXON.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

LIVERPOOL MEETING.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

The CRAVEN STEEPECHASE.—Lord M. Beresford's Chimney Sweep (J. Jones), 1; Inny, 2; Cork Boy, 3. ran. The TOXTETH WELTER HANDICAP.—Colonel Forester's Bishop Burton (F. Archer), 1; Oblivion, 2; Wanderer, 3. ran. The BOOTLE NURSERY PLATE.—Lord Howe's Sparkenhoe (F. Archer), 1; Miss Coventry, 2. ran. The DUCHY CUP.—Mr. R. R. Christopher's Discord (C. Wood), 1; Rylstone 2; Touchet, 3. ran. The FRIDAY PLATE.—Lord Wilton's Don Juan (F. Archer), 1; Oasis, 2; Fairy Form colt, 3. ran. The GREAT LANCASHIRE HANDICAP.—Mr. Bowes's Reconciliation (Luke), 1; Sir Joseph, 2; Quits, 3. 6 ran. The BECHER HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. R. Osborne's Brown George (Heslop), 1; Totary, 2; Agar Ellis, 3. 4 ran.

ALEXANDRA PARK MEETING.

FRIDAY.

The CORINTHIAN WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. Vyner's Ironstone (Morley), 1; Pontoise, 2; Brown Bess, 3. ran. The STROUD GREEN PLATE.—Mr. G. W. Morris's Castle Blair (T. Ansley), 1; Ardblair, 2; Venice colt, 3. 11 ran. The FLYING MID-WEIGHT PLATE.—Mr. J. Sanders's Lady Blanche (F. Webb), 1; St. Hilda, 2; Anaconda, 3. 11 ran. The STEWARDS' WELTER CUP.—Mr. C. Archer's Plaisante (F. Webb), 1; Mountain Ash, 2; Valeria colt, 3. 9 ran. The RACING PLATE.—Mr. Harris's Schoolgirl (T. Lane), 1; Folie, 2; Ardblair, 3. 9 ran. The TOTTERIDGE NURSERY PLATE.—Mr. Cambridge's Combat (Andrews), 1; Gravity, 2; Section filly, 3. 7 ran.

SATURDAY.

The GREAT NORTHERN HANDICAP.—Mr. Winder's Ballet Dancer (Lemaire), 1; Calabria, 2; Howdie, 3. 8 ran. A SELLING WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. Vyner's Ironstone (Morgan), 1; Venice colt, 2; Lady Dixie, 3. 14 ran. The SOUTHGATE NURSERY STAKES.—Mr. T. Brown's Brilliance (Morley), 1; Guitar, 2; Combat, 3. 6 ran. The JUVENILE HANDICAP SELLING PLATE.—Lord Rossmore's Lucretia colt (Luke), 1; Folie, 2; Request, 3. 9 ran. The FORTIS GREEN PLATE.—Mr. A. Cooper's Peroration II. (Morgan), 1; Radiancy, 2; White Rose, 3. 9 ran. The ALEXANDRA PLATE.—Mr. H. Rymill's Mexico (Luke), 1; Sleepy Eye, 2; Echo II, 3. 7 ran.

SHREWSBURY MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The CLEVELAND HANDICAP WELTER PLATE.—Mr. D. Cooper's Strathavon (T. Osborne), 1; Star and Garter, 2; Kilcorran, 3. 9 ran. The BATTLEFIELD PLATE.—Mr. A. L. Ruse's Paramatta (Loates), 1; Don Juan, 2; Beauregard, 3. 3 ran. The WYNNSTAY WELTER HANDICAP.—Lord Folkestone's Friar Rush (J. Watts), 1; Batty, 2; Rosbach, 3. 4 ran. The GROBY CUP.—Mr. Howard's Wee Lassie colt (Morgan), 1; Carnifex, 2; Albany, 3. 7 ran. The ABBEY STAKES.—Mr. W. H. Manser's Alice Maud (Hopkins), 1; Cairngorm, 2; Elsham Lad, 3. 8 ran. A SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Lord de Clifford's Essayez (Loates), 1; Signal de Nuit, 2; Dry Toast, 3. 4 ran. The NEWPORT PLATE.—Lord Hartington's Indigo (H. Jeffrey), 1; Badger, 2; Giaretta, 3. 4 ran. Her MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Mr. J. Pickersgill's Robbie Burns (C. Wood), 1; Rylstone, 2; Vivandiere, 3. 3 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The BOROUGH MEMBERS' NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. W. R. Dixon's Strathcoo (Greaves), 1; Strathyairch, 2. 2 ran. The ACTON BURNELL STAKES.—Lord Wilton's Quickstep (F. Archer), 1; Elsham Lad, 2; Alice Maud, 3. 5 ran. The HAUGHMOND PLATE.—Lord De Clifford's Essayez (Luke), 1; Stilton, 2; Prince Eugene, 3. 4 ran. The GREAT SHROPSHIRE HANDICAP of 500 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 15 ft; winners extra; second to save stake. The NEW STRAIGHT MILE. Seventy-five subs, 45 of whom declared ft. Mr. Rymill's Rosy Cross, by Rosicrucian—Inquisition, 5 yrs, 7st 5lb

Bendon 1. Mr. Crawford's Avontes, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb Fordham 2. Lord Hastings's Breadfnder, 3 yrs, 8st Barker 3. Also ran: Tower and Sword, Speculation, Harbinger, Reconciliation, Misenus, Chevrol, Bute, Sun of York, Simba.

Betting at Starting.—3 to 1 agst Sun of York, 5 to 1 agst Avontes, 5 to 1 agst Chevrol, 5 to 2 agst Simba, 10 to 1 agst Breadfnder, 100 to 6 agst Bute, 100 to 6 agst Reconciliation, 20 to 1 agst Harbinger, 25 to 1 agst Tower and Sword, 50 to 1 agst Misenus, 50 to 1 agst Rosy Cross, 50 to 1 agst Speculation.

The RACE.—The first to show in advance was Rosy Cross, and was attended by Sun of York, Harbinger, and Avontes. Chevrol dropped off ere a quarter of a mile had been covered, and by this time Rosy Cross was two lengths ahead of Sun of York, Avontes, and Tower and Sword. Sun of York shut up about three furlongs from home, when Avontes took second place to Mr. Rymill's mare, but the latter always had the race in hand, and won in a canter by four lengths; Breadfnder being only half a length behind Avontes. Time, 1 min. 36 sec.

The GRENDON WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Sir J. D. Astley's Kilcorran (C. Wood), 1; The Cellarer, 2; Strathavon, 3. 3 ran.

A SELLING STAKES.—Colonel Forester's Bishop Burton (F. Archer), 1; Telescope, 2; Laurier, 3. 4 ran.

The TANKERVILLE NURSERY.—Mr. T. Cannon's Carnifex (Lemaire), 1; Albany, 2; Death or Glory, 3. 8 ran.

A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. A. M. Owen's Zitta (Mr. R. Shaw), 1; Chester, 2; Cricketer, 3. 5 ran.

The FOREPLATE PLATE did not fill.

THURSDAY.

A SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT-RACE PLATE.—Mr. J. Richards's La Duquesa (Mr. H. M. Rudd), 1; Chester, 2; Duplex, 3. 3 ran. The WREKIN HURDLE RACE.—Mr. J. Robson's Serape (J. Potter), 1; Elith Plantagenet, 2; Bonny Betty, 3. 5 ran.

The CASTLE SELLING PLATE.—Mr. F. Gretton's Cairngorm (T. Cannon), 1; Elsham Lad, 2; Oracle, 3. 5 ran.

The COLUMN WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Sir J. D. Astley's Batty (C. Wood), 1; The Abbot of St. Mary's, 2; Harbinger, 3. 5 ran.

The CALDECOT NURSERY.—Sir J. D. Astley's Albany (Luke), 1; New Court, 2; Gaelic, 3. 3 ran.

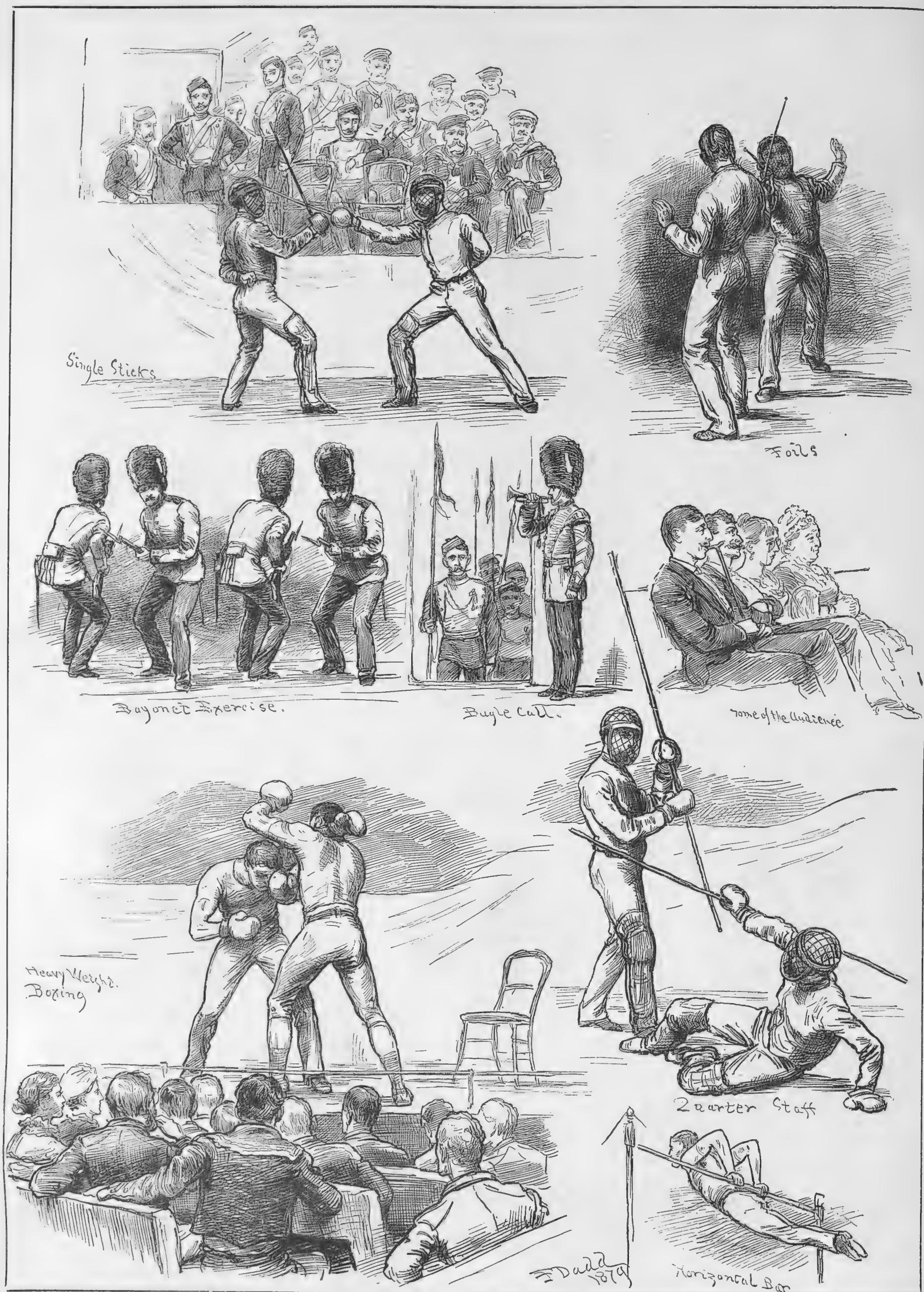
The SHREWSBURY CUP (Handicap) of 400 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, 10 ft; winners extra; second to save stake. About two miles. Sixty-two subs, 12 of whom declared

Lord Rosebery's Rhidroor, by Joskin—Peaken, 5 yrs, 7st 11lb... Luke 1; Lord Hastings's Breadfnder, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb Barker 3

Mr. R. Dixon's Vivandiere, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb car 6st 11lb Hopper 3

Also ran: Jagellon, Gilderoy, Fortitude, Lady Hood, Glensair, Gondola colt.

Betting.—7 to 4 agst Breadfnder, 4 to 1 ag



OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

It is all very well to say that the English take their pleasure in a sorrowful manner. It is sufficiently true under certain circumstances, when there is a bright and lively season on hand, with gaiety and absence of care, and no thought of the mor-



An imperious Pantaloons.

row. Under such auspices your true-born Englishman will be as doleful as you please, start liver complaint, and all the other ills that flesh is heir to. But give him a good thick fog, and a drizzling, rainy morning the colour of old brown paper, and cause him to stand about for hours nipped with cold, waiting for some doleful pageant to pass, and he will be as rollicking as you like. A funeral is the most enticing object for the extrac-



Tinned Meat.

tion of his mirth. We have not had any very extensive shows of that class recently—the great amongst us having chosen to die "out of town," so the sons of John Bull have not had a thorough chance of airing their hilarity for some time. Next to the good, solemn ceremony of death, the Lord Mayor's Show ranks, I think, first. It happens in the right sort of weather; there is a

good deal of waiting about for it, and every chance of a thorough saturation, with disease of the bronchial order; therefore the British public turns out with joy to wait and wait in the fog and sleet. This year there was an especial reason for being joyful over it. There was somebody to hiss and hoot at. This made matters doubly enticing, so that it was not at all strange to find the principal characteristic of the show and its surroundings a broad grin. The men in armour were grinning, the coachmen and footmen were all on the grin; so were the soldiers, and the aldermen, and the rest of the various qualities of human nature that form such a show. But, above all, the man who was to be hissed was grinning more than anybody else. Here was a thorough exhibition of English pleasure-taking: a man suffering from the most blatant form of misery—that of hissing and hooting—receiving it with an ample smile and a grateful bow. Sir Charles Whetham was thoroughly enjoying himself on Monday when passing through the streets of London; he was able to count himself as the most unpopular man in the City. He played in the pantomime of Lord Mayor's Show the enviable part of pantaloons—that dear old soul who suffers all the knocking about, gets into all sorts of scrapes through the perjured actions of the clown, his only reply being a bland smile and a wagging of his old grey beard, and a sweet tone of forgiveness in his appeal to "Joey" to get him into further trouble. How grateful Sir Charles Whetham was that, in return for his restrictions on the sale of photographs of children of the sun, who happened to be taken "in their habit as they lived," and his high-minded defence of the morals of the rising generation, he should receive volleys of hisses and groans as he passed through the streets in the procession of his successor. There is a saying, "You were born at little Witham, I suppose"—it is a reproof to a noodle, and is doubtless a punning allusion to "wit" in the name of the town. I wonder if the pugnacious pantaloons of Monday's pantomime was born at little Witham? He was decidedly the success of the entire performance. The good old dusty armour was abandoned in the pageant of Lord Mayor Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott for the more brilliant equipment of bright new tin. The butchers' boys who wore it evidently preferred this lighter and more convenient material to the weightier and more unwieldy metal of the genuine suit of mail. The new Lord Mayor is a Cornishman, and, like all good Cornishmen (and, I believe, there are very few bad ones), he is very proud of his country. Perhaps this may account for the numbers of men, who, as knights of doughty deeds, rode in armour at his show—and looked like tinned meat. It may have been a delicate allusion to "The tin mines of Cornwall." In the evening of the same day, the public turned their attention to the keeping of the Prince of Wales's birthday. Some enterprising tradesmen ventured to waste their gas in loyal bursts of ornamentation over their shop fronts. The draggled crowd went about, some vending and others buying, "The ladies' teaser," an object of high mirth with the practical joking 'Arry. It consists in squirting some distasteful fluid at an inoffensive passer, and then—now this is where 'Arry's triumph of humour comes in—then bolting. I am glad to see in some instances his bolting was not a success, for the papers give a gratifying record of his being captured, and punished for his little joke. By the way, I intended mentioning that the City guilds want some new banners the most pf those displayed at the late show were very musty and frousy. "Oh!" say a City magnate in indignation, "do you not know that in a banner, age is honourable!" Yes; this is all very fine when the banner has been carried through many a fight when life is staked against life for its possession, but when the only fight in which a banner waves over is a tussle between rich meats, wine, and indigestion, I think it might be renewed without much loss of honour or glory.

These festive times of Lord Mayors' Shows and Guy Fawkes' Days Mrs. Georgina Weldon has taken occasion to air some

audience. These little attentions Mrs. Weldon, in a determined way, held out to him. I think she even went so far as to hint at singing a song from the box which she occupied. It is easy to put a drunken man out of the pit of a theatre, or even to eject a gang of ruffians from the gallery; but to turn out a strong-minded lady with views on the Lunacy Laws, who occupies a private box, is quite a different affair. Gentle persuasion was of no avail, and the various powers in front of the house tried in vain to quell the lady's intentions. Mr. Hayes used his most powerful blandishments, and Mr. Sidney attempted a trifle



General aspect of the Show.

of his native blarney; but it was all to no purpose. The laying on of hands was only answered by the knocking off of hats. At last the lady, finding that it would eventually be necessary to leave the establishment, elected to do so by ejectment. This was managed in a novel manner as everything Mrs. Weldon undertakes is. She reclined upon the floor, and the firm but gentle hands of a pair of the metropolitan police gathered her up and wafted her fair form along the corridors and down a staircase, which was quite sufficient for the lady; she had suffered forcible



Grand musical procession at Covent Garden—
Chorus by Mrs. Weldon's Choir:—"Angels wings to bear me on."

very practical views on our Lunacy Laws. It appears that although M. Rivière, who has been giving a series of highly-successful promenade concerts at Covent Garden, he objects to having a portion of his orchestra or chorus conducted from a private box, even by a determined lady. He further showed signs of prejudice in the matter of pamphlets containing a not very rosy biography of himself being sown broadcast through the house in which he was discoursing sweet music to a crowded

ejectment, and could find the use of her limbs for the rest of the journey. Having thanked her supporters, she calmly withdrew. This and the Lord Mayor's Show and Guy Fawkes Day are up to the present the most salient "humours of the month," and doubtless Mr. Matt. Stretch will let us have a taste of them from the point of his facile pencil. So I had better close by hoping that you were not at the Lord Mayor's Show, dear reader, and that if you were that you did not catch cold in the effort.

HOLLAND'S CLIMAX SAFETY HAMMERLESS GUN (PATENT).

THERE can be very little doubt now that it is only a matter of time when the hammerless gun, or gun with internal hammers, will entirely, or almost entirely, supersede the ordinary gun with external hammers. The doubt with regard to hammerless guns has been whether they were as safe to use and as free from accidental discharge as the old gun; and this doubt has had some foundation, for many of the hammerless guns are made with a locking-bar which secures the triggers only, which allows of the hammers being jarred off and charge exploded should the locks have become worn or light in the pull off.

With the Climax Hammerless Gun such an accident appears absolutely impossible, for not only are the triggers bolted automatically, but there is a strong block which rises in the front of the hammers as the gun is opened, which block interposes between the hammers and the



HOLLAND'S CLIMAX SAFETY HAMMERLESS GUN.

cock the gun, as compared with that required with some of the hammerless guns before made.

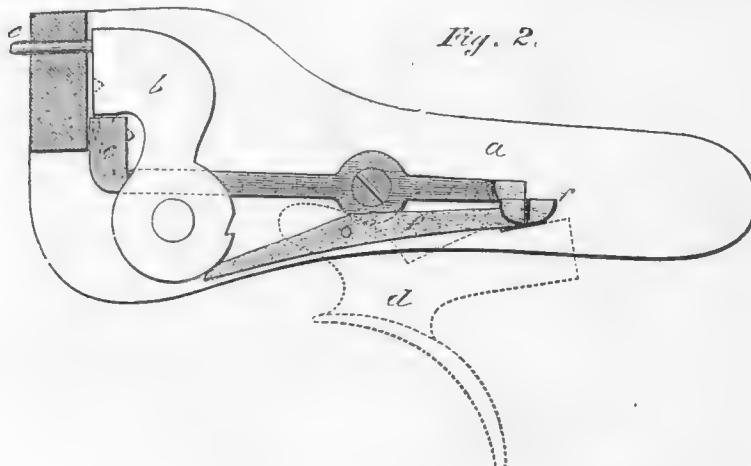
Fig. 1 represents the gun with the treble grip arrangement just opened, and the automatic trigger locking-bolt pushed back to safety or "bolted."

Fig. 2 is the patent lock at full cock, with the safety bar, *c*, blocking the hammer and intercepting its fall (should it be jarred off), and preventing its reaching the striker, *e*.

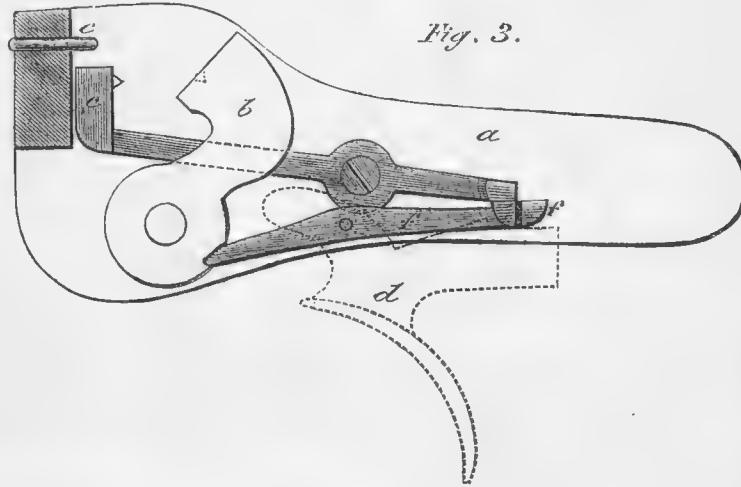
Fig. 3 shows the lock after the trigger, *d*, has been pulled. The short arm of the safety bar, *c*, having been raised by the trigger, causes the block on reverse end of bar to fall and leave room for the hammer, *b*, to reach the striker, *e*.

The limbs of the locks in the drawings are enlarged and slightly altered to show more clearly the principle of the invention.

On Thursday last one of those enjoyable evenings which take place fortnightly at Dunn's Institute, Newington Causeway, was devoted to a miscellaneous selection of readings and music by most able executants. The Misses Perfitt, as musicians and vocalists, proved themselves true artists, both playing and singing with admirable expression, rare feeling, and very



a Lock plate. *b* Hammer. *c* Safety block and bar. *d* Trigger. *e* A supposed striker. The striker in the gun is fitted into the action body. *f* Sear.



strikers, and thus prevents any chance of the former reaching the striker, and thus exploding the cap.

This block is operated upon by the trigger, the pulling of which removes the block, and allows the gun to be fired.

So that not only is the gun secure when the triggers are bolted, but even when the gun is placed at full cock ready for firing. No jar or fall can explode the gun, for should the locks be jarred down, the hammers would simply fall upon the safety-block instead of upon the strikers.

Too much importance cannot be given to this principle of making a gun secure from accidental discharge when placed at full cock. Probably more than half the accidents that occur with guns occur through some blow or fall, causing the hammers to fall and thus fire the cartridge.

The principle of the Climax Hammerless is also particularly well adapted for Express and other rifles—there being no hammer to catch into anything when deer-stalking or pushing through thick brushwood.

The advantages claimed for this gun are—

1st. Perfect security, not only when the gun is at "bolted," but even when placed at full cock, ready for firing.

2nd. Strength of action, the breech-fastening having not only the double-grip bolt under the barrels, but also a very powerful grip formed by the top lever engaging into a projection at the end of the rib.

3rd. Simplicity of lock-work, being made upon the principle of an ordinary side lock, and so arranged that the locks can be taken off like the locks of an ordinary gun.

4th. The top safety which locks the triggers is so arranged that it can be made automatic or not.

5th. The rods which force the locks to full cock are completely under cover, so that there is no chance of water being able to reach the lock-work. This is usually a weak point in hammerless guns.

6th. The jar given when firing heavy charges from one barrel cannot fire off the other barrel. This is an advantage which will be appreciated by sportsmen who have used large rifles with heavy charges.

7th. The small amount of force required to open the barrels and

considerable power. Mr. H. G. Somerville (whose name is not unknown in connection with light literature) was also extremely successful—his efforts being worthy of the name of comic singing, "Just behind the battle, mother," being literally received with roars of laughter. The readings were contributed by Mr. W. E. Church (secretary of the Urban Club), who thoroughly sustained his reputation, and though he had previously appeared four times, was rapturously recalled for his effective delivery of "Told at the Dragon Tap."

MESSRS. WRIGHT & CO., of Westminster Bridge-road, issue a prospectus containing a description of their billiard-tables, and a long list of the names of those who express complete satisfaction with the tables purchased at their establishment. The list includes many well-known personages.

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mixed with their food, for it is a safeguard against contagious diseases, and it is destructive to the parasites in the bronchial tubes, causing that distressing malady the Hoosie or Husk. It converts the food, while in the stomach, rapidly into flesh and bone-making elements, and gives a firmness to the flesh to resist all poisonous effluvia, and it also renders all animals capable of enduring with safety the heat of summer and the cold rains and sleet of winter.

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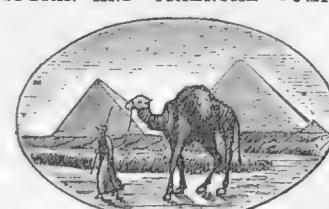
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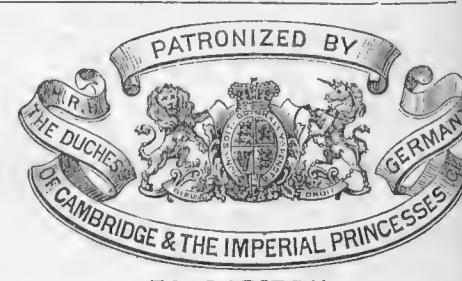
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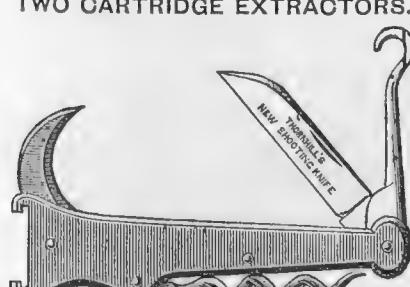
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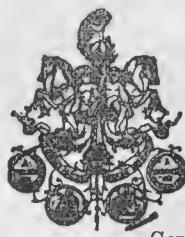
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The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is so rapidly increasing its foreign and colonial circulation that its managers consider it their duty to provide material which they deem specially to the taste of distant supporters. With this end in view, the managers will be glad to receive sketches or photographs of important events which occur in any of those countries in which this paper now circulates. A Special Edition is printed on thin paper, and forwarded post free to any part of the world, at the rate of £1 9s. 2d. per annum, payable in advance. The yearly subscription for the ordinary thick paper edition is £1 13s. 6d.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

E. C. Y.—*The Day of Reckoning* was a success. It was first produced at the Lyceum Theatre many years ago.

A PLAYGOER.—The accident occurred on the 31st of October, in 1850, during the performance of *My Heart's Idol*. The sword of Mr. Vining went completely through the hand of Mr. Charles Mathews. We forget at which theatre it took place, probably at the Lyceum, as the piece named was then being played there.

INQUIRER.—1. It was not Shakespeare who failed on those occasions, but the management. A poor cast will drive the public away from even Shakespeare's plays, although it is quite probable that in less ambitious efforts its members might act with sufficient force and power to prove attractive. It is not every successful actor who can safely "play Shakespeare," you know. 2. Coarse and vulgar in conception, and boorish-like in execution.

AUSTRIOUS.—Do your utmost and your very best.

WILL BUTLER.—Mr. George Rignold played Henry V. in New York, at the Grand Opera House last year, with great success, and afterwards travelled with the same play through the States, and was everywhere favourably received.

LEVY CLARKSON.—Mr. George Loder was Musical Director of the Lyceum in 1850. He married—if we are not mistaken—a young lady named Feste, the daughter of a very clever portrait painter.

GLOUCESTER.—In Garrick's time the charge made for the house on a benefit night was sixty pounds. About ten years ago it was two hundred pounds. It is now probably a larger sum.

SIR LEICESTER D.—No, at that time Mr. Phillips was Edmund Kean's secretary. 2. Hazlitt's original opinion of Edmund Kean's Shylock was not altogether favourable. He wrote, "Notwithstanding the complete success of Mr. Kean in the part of Shylock, we question whether he will not be a greater favourite in other parts. There was a lightness and vigour in his tread, a buoyancy and elasticity of spirit, a fire and animation, which would accord better with almost any other character than with the morose, sullen, inward, inveterate, inflexible malignity of Shylock."

GRANDFATHER.—Mr. John Rayner made his first appearance at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, in 1854.

J. J. GURNEY.—We do not know either of the addresses you require, but had an impression that the first-named had retired from his profession.

A. B.—Mr. Malone, in his "Attempt to Ascertain the Order in which the Plays of Shakespeare were written," by a careful consideration of probabilities, supposes that *Henry V.*—the play now attracting so much attention at Drury Lane Theatre—was produced in 1599. In so doing he opposed Pope, whose idea was that it was the last written of all Shakespeare's great works. As it was promised in the epilogue to the second part of *King Henry IV.*, and while the Earl of Essex was in Ireland, as Malone points out, adding, "unless the passage relative to him was inserted after the piece was finished, must have been composed between April and September 1599. Supposing that passage a subsequent insertion, the play was probably not written long before; for it is not mentioned by Meres in 1598."

MUSICAL.

CRACKEY.—Nothing that you could take will cause your voice to settle. Rest and the advice of a good singing master are the only things we can recommend to you; but mind that the master you consult really understands his business.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. J. BUCHAN.—Thanks for your correction. The writer of the article has a most villainous scrawl, and the hieroglyphic would do equally well for Dorsetshire or Devonshire. The compositor had his choice, and selected the wrong one.

G. J. A.—The Opera Hotel, formerly known as the Garrick's Head Tavern, no longer exists. It was pulled down to make room for the new police-court in Bow-street.

ALFRED E. MAY.—M. Thiron is not more than forty-seven years of age.

ERNEST KNIGHT.—Procure "Personal Recollections of Birmingham and Birmingham Men," published by the Midland Educational Trading Company Limited, Birmingham.

JAMES WARD.—Probably a reference to the huge walking stick carried by Balzac, when he was reaping the profits of his *Pan de Chagrin*, a stick which was ornamented with curious carvings, and set with turquoise and gold.

B.—The famous Betchley Avenue, in Betchley Park, near Dorking.

JONAS KELLY.—Turkish Baths were first made popular in this country by Mr. Urquhart.

STUDENT.—To the best of our belief there is no better authority than that of an old Spanish chronicle of the fourteenth century, called the *Historia de Espana*.—Birdeage-walk derived its name from the fact that the cages of an aviary used to exist between the trees which bordered it.

D. H. O'NEALE NEALE.—Thanks for your friendly letter. The reviewer in question has, we are afraid, very strong political opinions, and as a matter of fact is a well-known writer in a daily paper. He to some extent "dissembled," in saying he "cared nothing," but as we agreed with him as regards two or three of the persons named, we let that portion of his article appear. We are afraid that you differ from him, and if so, are the more obliged for the moderate and amiable tone in which you couch your remarks.

E. A. CROFT.—1. The etymology of the Bell Savage has been variously given, as you will find by reference to "Cassell's Old and New London." Most probably it arose from the property having once belonged to Lady Isabella Savage, who made it over in a deed of gift to the Cutlers' company. 2. The King's Bench is a name handed down from the time when English Kings sat on "the Bench" to superintend the administration of justice. 3. Some think the first bridge erected in England was that of Stratford, over the Lea, in Essex.

INCREDULITY.—We believe it to be a fact that no letter written by George II. is in existence.

DARNLEY.—1. John Wilkes was elected Lord Mayor of London in 1775. 2. Anciently the Lord Mayor had his champion as Kings have at their coronations, who at the feast challenged all comers to question the rightfulness of the election. C. R.—We have been unable to ascertain. 2. The reply would be unfit for publication. W. G.—A cheap edition of Miss Mitford's charming work, "Our Village," was published, not long since, by Messrs. Ward and Lock. If you have never read it, you have indeed a treat in store. Sam will find a reply upon another page.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1879.

MIDDLE-CLASS HORSE BREEDING.

AMONG the various sub-divisions of the equine kingdom, as it exists in this country, it may be said that the alpha and omega are sufficiently well cared for, from a breeding point of view, to leave hardly anything to be desired in that direction. The thoroughbred has long enjoyed the distinction of occupying the care and attention of the human race, and the annals of his species have been preserved with singular fidelity for a number of years past, while everything has been done to develop the utmost state of perfection in his production, thanks to the demand for animals of the highest class for racing purposes. There is no fear whatever of any decline of public interest in the supply of blood stock (at least until turf tastes cease to tickle the national palate); nor do we see any good reason to apprehend the realisations of prophetic utterances on the part of those who sigh over the degeneracy of the racer and the deterioration of his qualities of endurance and hardihood. Passing over for the moment the connecting links between the acknowledged head of his species and what may be termed the serfs and servitors of the equine kingdom, we find much care and labour at present in the course of being bestowed upon the purely agricultural horse, the movement in his favour having of late years assumed very significant proportions, and promising at no very distant period to work vast changes in the class and condition of the hairy-heeled Dobbins and Daisies of our rural teams. The merits of the different breeds have been thoroughly compared and tested, and the Stud Book *par excellence* is serving as a model for future records of breeding transactions among the heavier kinds of horses adapted for purposes of draught and general agricultural work. In fact, the good work has made such rapid strides that already substantial progress can be reported, and the idea so happily conceived is now certain of being thoroughly worked out, while from those in high places the *magnum opus* has received the encouragement due to its importance in a national sense. But between the high-mettled racer and the slaves of the plough and waggon there are intermediate grades, each indispensable in his sphere of usefulness, and demanding to the full as much pains and trouble in perfecting his particular department as can be claimed on behalf of his relations of high and low degree. The middle class of horseflesh, as in the human race, has hitherto been somewhat neglected, and as many of the lords of creation, after bestowing much care and thought upon the *status* of our higher classes and paupers, have at last taken up the problem of middle-class education, so it is now high time that the happy-go-lucky policy so long in vogue for keeping up our supply of hunters, hacks, and roadsters should be reduced to some sort of system. It is, of course, hopeless to entertain the idea of legislating, so to speak, for each separate class, as we have done in the case of horses bred for racing and agricultural purposes; but we may reasonably expect the most beneficial results from forcing upon our countrymen, if they will not seek it for themselves, a generally better class of stallion for use among their half-bred mares. Nothing is so difficult to eradicate than the idea that what has long been considered good enough must still retain its pristine excellence; and accordingly we find, even in these days of the vaunted march of intellect, a lamentable repugnance to strike boldly out new paths from the beaten track. Travelling stallions on country circuits are still, save in a few places where large landed proprietors and others have taken matters in hand, very much what they used to be when George the Third was King; nay, we fancy they have rather deteriorated than improved, if we may judge from their produce, as well as from the fact of importation taking place on so large a scale. We are perfectly willing to admit that the production of a hunter, a hack, or a trapper cannot be undertaken with any such certainty as regards results as that of a racehorse or a cart horse; nor would it be possible to go on refining until we reduced to a certainty operations in which chance plays so important a part. But it manifestly does lie in our power to remedy (at least to a very great extent) the evils arising from the use of unsound, badly-formed, and generally unsuitable sires, which in the dearth of superior talent perambulate the country, sowing broadcast the seeds of disease, and filling the farmers' paddocks with specimens of horseflesh fitter for the kennel copper than to ride or drive with safety and comfort. We broach this subject again for the reason that there never was a better opportunity than now for those interested in the movement for ameliorating our middle class of horseflesh to put their shoulders to the wheel with every chance of ultimate success, if not with immediate good effects in the direction indicated. It so happens that the market is now largely overstocked with thoroughbred stallions of a certain class for which occupation is not likely to be found during the forthcoming season, when many of them will stand eating their heads off without the prospect of earning even their keep. They may not, indeed, be animals of the highest character as regards blood, performances, and general "fashion," but among them will be found a large proportion fully equal in point of good looks to many of their higher-priced rivals in the sire list; and if some few err on the side of coarseness or lack of quality, the lack of these *desiderata* among breeders of blood stock will not operate to the disadvantage of producers of the great middle class of horses to which allusion has been made. In the present depressed condition of the home markets, and in the lack of demand among foreigners for the kind of stock whose services are

likely to go begging during the coming winter, their owners would, probably in many cases, be willing to let their stallions on very moderate terms for the season, rather than part with them for an old song, or allow them to be kept to be looked at in their boxes. Farmers could not, of course, under present circumstances, be expected to enter into speculations of this kind, but there is no reason why a few gentlemen in districts where half-bred brood mares abound, but which is travelled by undesirable stallions, should not club together, and confer a benefit on their neighbours or tenants by importing something worth patronage. The risk would be a small one, and the possible loss hardly appreciable among subscribers to the fund; while promoters of the scheme would ultimately recoup themselves by means of improved resources whereon to draw a few years hence. The annual letting of the Glasgow Stud stallions is a thing of the past, and perhaps we were slow at appreciating opportunities now gone for ever; but though no one individual can boast a similar collection so admirably adapted for improving the breed of middle-class horses, yet sires of the self-same stamp are still to be found, many of which might be available at the present juncture. Government is never likely to move in the matter, so that private enterprise must supply the place of public encouragement; and in the dearth of any such organisation as exists in the Cleveland district (which, by the way, has been found to work admirably well), individuals must combine, and to those ready and willing to co-operate, we commend at least a careful consideration of the idea we have ventured to propound.

REVIEWS.

History of the British Turf, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By JAMES RICE. In two volumes. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, Crown-buildings, 1881, Fleet-street. 1879.

The title of Mr. Rice's interesting and amusing book is somewhat too comprehensive. Had he called his work "Incidents in the History of the British Turf," he would have disarmed much criticism; for it is not to be denied that while treating some matters at considerable length he has omitted or skimmed over other things of equal importance, and the two volumes do not fulfil all the requirements which the title implies. There is, moreover, a certain want of system about the arrangement of matter, though, on the other hand, an index mitigates this objection. Mr. Rice must also be credited with much candour and modesty, for in his preface he admits that the book is mainly a compilation from the sporting magazines and newspapers, and from books relating to the subject. As a matter of fact it does not strike us that the author has any very intimate personal acquaintance with the matter he treats; but it need hardly be said that the accomplished novelist knows how to turn his gleanings to the best advantage, except here and there, where his technical knowledge is, if not absolutely at fault, a little uncertain.

The best method of conveying an idea of Mr. Rice's book is to follow the author where he leads without considering whether or not he goes very directly, and comment upon the various incidents which he has selected for treatment.

It is curious to observe the nice calculation of weights which used to rule when height was the consideration of handicapping. Ponies of twelve hands and a half carried 5 stone, and an addition of half a quarter of an inch was considered to give another animal a superiority which was equalised by putting two ounces less than a pound on his back. Twelve and a quarter hands high was weighted 5st. 1lb. 12oz., and so up to fifteen hands—11 stone.

A comparison of the speed of racehorses in former times with the rate of progress now attained would be more interesting if we could be certain that the figures Mr. Rice gives are correct:

"A calculation was made that this horse, in more than one race, moved at the rate of eighty-two and a half feet per second, or not far short of a mile in a minute; and it is said he ran round the course at Newmarket, at that time about four miles, in six minutes and forty seconds. No wonder that it was an old-fashioned article of faith in sporting circles that Childers was the fleetest courser ever bred. Bay Malton, got by Sampson, ran, at York, four miles in seven minutes forty-three and a half seconds."

But concerning the value of horses to their owners, there can be no sort of comparison between the best of our own time and of former days:

"Dormant, Lord Ossory's famous horse, won prizes amounting to £13,363; Childers only about £2,000; the Marquess of Rockingham's Bay Malton, in seven prizes, £5,000; Highflyer, the best horse of his time, won and received nearly £9,000, though he never started after he was five years old. During his career he was only once beaten, and once paid forfeit. Sharke won for his owner eleven hogsheads of claret—wine with our grandfathers was a very common prize—a cup, value 120 guineas, and £15,507 in Plates, matches, and forfeits."

These winnings would look very small by the side of the enormous sums gained by several of the most successful modern racehorses, and Mr. Rice would have done well to collect some more recent statistics to place side by side with these, especially if it be part of his design to show how immensely interest in the Turf has increased of late years. Many of the more famous owners, jockeys, and horses are described in more or less detail, and the author has collected many capital stories of these celebrities. Of Jack Myton he tells a characteristic anecdote which we have not seen before in print:

"In sad contrast to the career of Lord Derby, is that of another brilliant all-round sportsman, who at the same time ran horses at the principal North-country meetings, and whose colours were likewise green with white stripes. Mr. John Myton, of Halston, in the county of Salop, was the posthumous son of a gentleman of high standing in the county. During his long minority, his estates were well managed; and on his attaining his majority he came into possession of a very large fortune. He was the hero of a thousand escapades. As a boy at Westminster School, he wrote to the Lord Chancellor (Eldon), and told him, at fourteen, he was going to be married, and could not live in his altered state on his allowance of £400 a year. 'Sir,' wrote the Chancellor, 'if you can't live on your allowance, you may starve; and if you marry, I'll commit you to prison.'"

The existing difficulty in deciding what constitutes a "gentleman rider" seems to have exercised the minds of our forefathers, and it will in all probability those of our descendants. Of one of the best known gentlemen riders, Squire Osbaldeston, the author has a story to tell which introduces another famous Turfite, Lord George Bentinck:

"Lord George once fought a duel against no less redoubtable a foeman than Squire Osbaldeston, who behaved with characteristic generosity in the affair. It is said that the quarrel originated in regard to a betting transaction between the parties at Heaton Park. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, Mr. Osbaldeston, riding up to Lord George Bentinck, said, 'Lord George, I want four hundred, won of you at Heaton Park.' To this the reply was, 'You want four hundred pounds that you swindled me of at Heaton Park.' Such a rejoinder hardly admitted of apology, and, after the usual preliminary arrangements, a duel was fought. It fell to Lord George Bentinck's lot to fire first. His pistol missed, whereupon, without any appearance of excitement, he said to his adversary, 'Now, Squire, it's two to one in your favour.' 'Is it?' said his opponent. 'Why, then, the bet's off,' and discharged the contents of the pistol in the air."

Of Lord George and old John Day there is also a story which is too good to omit:—

"John Day, of famous memory, trained for many years for Lord George Bentinck, but he once committed a sad mistake, unworthy of his general skill and shrewdness. Lord George had a horse which was much fancied both by his lordship and John Day for a big event. One fine morning, after the horse had done a most satisfactory gallop, John Day sat down to his desk to write two letters—one to his lordship, and the other to a celebrated bookmaker at Tattersall's. The letter to his lordship ran thus:—'My Lord, the colt is quite fit, and has done a rattling gallop. I fancy he is bound to win. Pray back him for all you can on Monday next, if you can only get a fair price.' The other letter was as follows:—'Dear Joe—The long-legged lord will be at Tattersall's on Monday. Lay him all you can, the horse is a dead one.' Unfortunately, Mr. Day put the letters in the wrong envelopes. The result is obvious."

From various newspaper articles Mr. Rice has compiled a short sketch of the eventful history of the Marquis of Hastings, the "plunging school," and the horses that gained so much notoriety for themselves and their owners some ten years ago—from the time when Lord Hastings was the hero of the racecourse, to the sad day when a ring man booked a bet with the insulting remark, "Mind, I'm to have this paid!" an anecdote, by the way, which Mr. Rice repeats twice in a few pages. There is much left untold in the sketch of Lord Hastings' melancholy career, and perhaps this is as well though some of the history has a peculiar value of its own.

For the first time, so far as we know, the tale Mr. T. Dawson's hat-box has found its way into print:—

"Ellington won the Derby in 1856. His victory was marked by a singular incident in connection with his trainer. The horse had been heavily backed for the race, but suffered defeat some few days before the great event. The consequence was, neither his owner nor his trainer was able to hedge any of his money. His trainer was Mr. T. Dawson, of Middleham, the eldest brother of the well-known family of which Mr. Jos. Dawson, Mr. Matt. Dawson, and Mr. John Dawson are equally distinguished members. The result was that Mr. T. Dawson, against his will, won £25,000 by the victory of Ellington. On the Monday after the race, he went to Tattersall's to receive his money. The whole of it was paid to him in bank notes. After the settling he dined, and took the train for home, first having packed his bank notes in an old leather hat-case, without any lock, but simply tied with a piece of string. Mr. Dawson fell asleep in the train, and when the guard, who knew him well, awoke him at Northallerton, and told him he must change carriages, Mr. Dawson got out of the train, leaving the old hat-case behind. In those days telegraphy was not quite so simple a matter as now, and Mr. Dawson did not recover his hat-case for a whole week, during which time it had travelled to Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and various other places. Ultimately it came back to the rightful owner, with the string neither cut nor untied, and with all the bank notes safe inside. We need hardly say that Mr. Dawson, with that astuteness which never forsakes the professional Turfite, took particular care not to display the slightest anxiety about his hat-case, but merely informed the station-master that he had possessed the article for a good many years, and as there were some papers in it which could not possibly be of any use to anyone but himself, he should like to recover it."

Tattenham Corner Mr. Rice mildly describes as "a rather dangerous curve." If he had ever stood there when the Derby field came rushing round, apparently in hopeless confusion, he would have written "very" for "rather." Judged by results, however, the word he has selected may perhaps stand, for accidents are rare, albeit there seems a certainty of a terrible one whenever there is a full race and some adventurous jockey makes up his mind to shoot the rails. In his second volume the author takes us back to olden days, and tells an amusing anecdote concerning them when the "First Gentleman in Europe" was the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes." The scene is laid at Doncaster.

"The Prince Regent had a cold; the Royal party were showing themselves to the people from the balcony of their lodgings—

"Which—which is the Prince? I must see the Prince!" cried an excited old Yorkshirewoman, who had come to Doncaster not to see Fylden run for the great race, but to see the "First Gentleman in Europe."

"That's him," said a bystander, pointing upwards, "him with the handkerchief in his hand."

"'Him!' cried the old lady, in profound contempt—"that the Prince!—why, he blows his own nose!"

The chapter on "Racing in the United States" contains a variety of matters the connection of which with the States is vague in the extreme, and if Mr. Rice had studied some recent numbers of *The Spirit of the Times*; *Turf, Field, and Farm*; or some of the other American sporting papers, he would have gained much later information about trotting horses than he gives; and as the book is dated the month before last, there was time to bring his records further than he has brought them. The chapter on Bookmakers includes a tolerably clear explanation of their mystic art, and sketches of some eminent practitioners are given. Had the publication of the work been a little delayed, the author might have given the death of one whose life he treats—Davis, "the Leviathan." Mr. Rice omits to mention, however, that when he had the good sense to lay down his pencil, he was driven to that course by an accident he suffered from owing to the fall of a stand. Of a once well-known Turfman in another station of life Mr. Rice has one of his stories to tell:—

"Eminent lawyers have taken a deal of interest in the pastime of the Turf, and one who is yet alive was, during his career at the Bar, a part owner of racehorses. Among the distinguished guests entertained by John Scott at Whitewall may be mentioned Baron Martin, who put an end to his partnership with Mr. H. Hill on being elevated to the judicial bench; but his lordship always found it possible to visit Epsom on the Derby day. He was a judge of great ability, and an excellent lawyer; but was not a literary nor an historical character. When travelling as judge on the Western Circuit, he was invited

to dine with the Warden of Winchester College. The evening passed very pleasantly, and, after bidding his guest good-night, the venerable Warden turned to a friend, and said, 'The judge is a man of great common sense and shrewdness; but, for a gentleman, he is the most ignorant man I ever met. He had never even heard of William of Wykeham!' As Baron Martin drove away in his carriage from the Warden's lodge, he exclaimed to his marshal, 'Well, for a learned man, the Warden is the most ignorant man I ever met, for he did not know that John Day had training stables at Danebury!'

The list of gentlemen named as the chief mainstays of the sport at the present time contains two or three names of those without whose assistance the Turf would still progress at least as well as it does with them. There are, we should not forget to say, some interesting and useful tables of owners, winners, placed horses, sires, jockeys, betting, &c., in connection with the Derby, Oaks, Leger, &c.

To do what Mr. Rice undertook in the space at his disposal was totally impossible if he went into details as he often has done; but from what we have said an idea will probably be gained of a book which will certainly find a place in the library of all who care for the Turf. It might have been better, but, as it is, must be pronounced a most entertaining work.

The Practical Pigeon Keeper. By Lewis Wright. Illustrated. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.—This is a very useful guide-book, dealing with all questions of a practically useful character, clear and simple in its language, and, so far as we can discover, thoroughly sound. Nothing that is practically useful, suggestive, or interesting appears to be omitted, and we commend it to the notice of all readers of the pigeon-fancying persuasion—more especially those who are new to its study.

Adventures in Australia. The Wanderings of Captain Spencer. By Mrs. R. Lee. London: Griffith and Farran. Second and revised edition.—We are not partial to books of imaginary travel based upon books of real travel, however carefully they may be compiled and written, but we are constrained to confess that this is one of the best of its class, being a capital little book for youths partial to romantic stories of adventure in foreign countries, as most youths are. There is no violation of actual facts, and the book reads admirably, like a genuine record of doings in the Australian wilds. It is sure to be liked.

Oxford Days; or, How Ross got his Degree. By a Resident M.A. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.—There is a degree of novelty about this slim little volume which assumes to be a practical guide to the University put into an attractive form. As a rule, attempts of this kind result in something which—to use an old saying—"is neither flesh, fowl, nor good red-herring;" but in the present instance, the volume has lost none of its practical and useful character, and is often amusing, although we cannot add that we should consider it, apart from a means of obtaining information, as sufficiently interesting to form a readable book for leisure half-hours. Youngsters who are on their way to Oxford will find that it provides them with all the necessary information classified, methodically arranged, and fully detailed, down even to the most minute directions and particulars of their preliminary expenditure. Those who want to understand what college life is like will get a very good idea of it from these pages.

BY-THE-BYE,

In this month's *Theatre* there is an article by Mr. Frederick Hawkins, which has been re-published in the *Daily Telegraph*. It is called "Shylock and other Stage Jews," and it contains some very curious statements, leading up, very strangely, to some very odd conclusions.

I have just read it, and have been trying hard to find by reference to Mr. Malone's works where he published his assertion, or reasons for believing, that Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* was produced in 1594. For Mr. Hawkins has referred to that statement and those reasons as indicating a "coincidence which has never yet been pointed out," namely, that it appeared "amidst the excitement produced by the supposed iniquities of Dr. Lopez," Queen Elizabeth's chief physician, a Portuguese Jew.

Malone, in his "Attempt to Ascertain the Order in which the Plays of Shakespeare were written," merely says:—

The Merchant of Venice. 1598. Entered at Stationers' Hall, July 22nd, 1598, and mentioned by Meres in that year. Published in 1600.

As, according to Mr. Hawkins, "the excitement produced by the supposed iniquities" lasted in 1594 only "nine days," I, personally, can quite understand why it was left for Mr. Hawkins to proudly secure the honour of pointing out as a remarkable coincidence the appearance of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* in 1598 amidst the nine days excitement of 1594.

And again, why does Mr. Hawkins speak of the "supposed iniquities" of Dr. Lopez? The Portuguese Jew acknowledged that he had accepted many costly bribes from the Spanish Government—and Spanish Governments did things of that kind—to poison the Queen who, making him honourable and wealthy, had been his true friend and benefactor despite all the prejudices of her subjects against men of his race. The Jew said he kept the money of his employers, and promised to carry out their vile, cowardly, and treacherous plot, without having the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind. But he never betrayed them until he had himself, by means of intercepted letters, been found out.

Mr. Hawkins says, nonsensically enough, that Dr. Lopez was accused, tortured, and executed, not because he had been guilty of high treason, but because he was a Jew. Were two of his accomplices so accused because they were Portuguese?

Mr. Hawkins, moreover, publishes the latest slander against Queen Elizabeth:—

"Dr. Lopez had acquired considerable influence over the mind of the Queen, now in the vale of years. Was it not likely that he would abuse that influence so far as to induce her to set aside the decree of Edward I.? In the result some courtiers formed a cabal to prevent such a calamity by depriving him of his post. Intrigue to this end proving ineffectual, they accused him of entering into a correspondence with the King of Spain, and even of conspiring to hasten Her Majesty's end by poison. The evidence in support of the accusation, if we may judge from that which has been handed down to us, would not in our days be deemed conclusive."

Amongst other "evidence handed down to us," we have the Jew's confession and the corroborative separate confessions of his three accomplices; intercepted and proved letters, with the mention of names and the sum of fifty thousand crowns; the existence of a jewel which the Jew had presented to the Queen, and which he acknowledged he had received from the King of Spain," and, finally, the Jew's admission on the scaffold that "he loved the Queen as well as Jesus Christ," all of which tell against such an unscrupulous and impudent piece of special pleading as Mr. Hawkins has written. What evidence of an intrigue or courtiers' cabal, or reasons for supposing the Jew was supposed to exercise undue influence can Mr. Hawkins produce? Who were the "some courtiers," and where are their names, or any accounts of them, to be found?

In the same paper I note also certain very remarkable and not less confusing statements having regard to the history of the Jews in this country, for which again I am quite at a loss to discover the authorities. The writer tells us that the legal banishment of Jews from England lasted from the reign of Edward I. "until the third quarter of the sixteenth century, when, under the rule of Elizabeth, the material prosperity of England arose to an almost unprecedented height." I was always under the impression—and all the authorities I have to hand verify the impression—that it was not before the Restoration of A.D. 1660 that the Jews again settled in England, although they had previously entered into negotiations with Cromwell to obtain a repeal of the old law excluding them from the country. Even after the Restoration their return was gradually, not formally, brought about, and quite without permission. It was not indeed until 1753 that an act was passed to enable foreign Jews to be naturalised "without taking the sacrament"; and even then so strongly did popular feeling run in opposition to this act that it was repealed in the following session, although from that time forth they were allowed to settle down in the country unmolested.

Bohn's "Standard Library Cyclopaedia of Political Knowledge," published in 1849 says: (authorities being quoted) "Since the time of their—the Jews—banishment no statute has been passed which in direct terms affects the right of the Jews to hold real estates in England, and it has been a matter of dispute whether they can now legally hold such estate."

How does this last statement agree with another expressed by Mr. Hawkins, which runs:—

"The lessons conveyed in the play (*Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice*) evidently sank into more than one heart; during the next half-century, indeed, the time-honoured abhorrence of the Jews sensibly decreased. In 1655, conscious of this change, the proscribed people applied for permission to return to England" And then follows this very odd comment:

"During the deliberations, I think, *The Merchant of Venice* was reprinted, possibly in order to inflame the public mind still more against the Jews."

So you see, the play that in Shakespeare's time pleaded for the Jew, in Cromwell's time pleaded against the Jew. Through its influence "the time-honoured abhorrence of the Jews sensibly decreased," and through its influence the public mind was inflamed "still more against the Jews."

Another very very funny thing is the comparing favourably Lord Lansdowne's re-writing *The Merchant of Venice* and giving it another title with the *comparatively* slight additions and alterations Colley Cibber made in Shakespeare, as, for instance, in *Richard III*. Still Mr. Hawkins says, and here we agree with him:—

"It would be an unpleasant task to point out all the alterations he (Lord Lansdowne) thought proper to make; enough to say that he dragged in a musical masque, made Portia object to marry a Dutchman on the ground that 'La Signora Gutts' would not sound well in the mouth of an Italian, omitted the character of Launcelot Gobbo, caused the Jew to sit at table and drink to money as his only mistress, and last but not least, humbled the character of Shylock in order that that of Bassanio—played by Betterton—might be exalted. In the prologue the ghost of Shakespeare says:

These scenes in their rough native dress were mine,
But now improved (!!) with nobler lustre shine.
Its first rude sketches Shakespeare's pencil drew,
But all the shining master-strokes are new!

And more to the same effect. But the worst feature of the performance remains to be noticed. Shylock was cast to Doggett, who treated the character as one belonging to the domain of low comedy."

Now, after admitting so much—and even so much does not embrace all the glaring sins, inconsistencies, and absurdities which Lord Lansdowne perpetrated—is it fair or just to say with Mr. Hawkins, "His lordship is entitled to the negative praise of having tampered with the original less than Davenant and Tate and Cibber"?

Mr. Hawkins does not think Shylock should be a low comedy part. And yet, in speaking of Macklin's restoring to the stage Shakespeare's play as he wrote it, as he did in defiance of the strongest, most disheartening, and even terribly dangerous opposition, he impertinently and flippantly says of the great philosophical English poet's verdict that this (Macklin's) and not Doggett's, conception was

the Jew
That Shakespeare drew—

"Not exactly, Mr. Pope."

The Jew that Shakespeare drew, according to Mr. Hawkins, was not that of Macklin, but that of Edmund Kean. Of the former he speaks contemptuously; of the latter with enthusiastic admiration. I will tell Mr. Hawkins a little story—a true one.

In 1805, Mr. Moss, a provincial actor and manager of great repute, was playing Shylock at the theatre in Dumfries. His performance was witnessed by a youthful low comedian, who, standing at the wings with a group of admiring actors, exclaimed, "If ever I should play Shylock, it shall be after the style of Mr. Moss." Tickled at the youngster's presumption and conceit the actors burst—says the late Mr. Donaldson—into a loud fit of laughter.

That youth afterwards played Shylock at Drury Lane Theatre, and his name was Edmund Kean. The old actor he imitated was the favourite and most successful pupil of Macklin, who "bequeathed," says the above-mentioned eyewitness "to his protégé Moss, that conception which descended to the most original and extraordinary Shylock of any period—Edmund Kean."

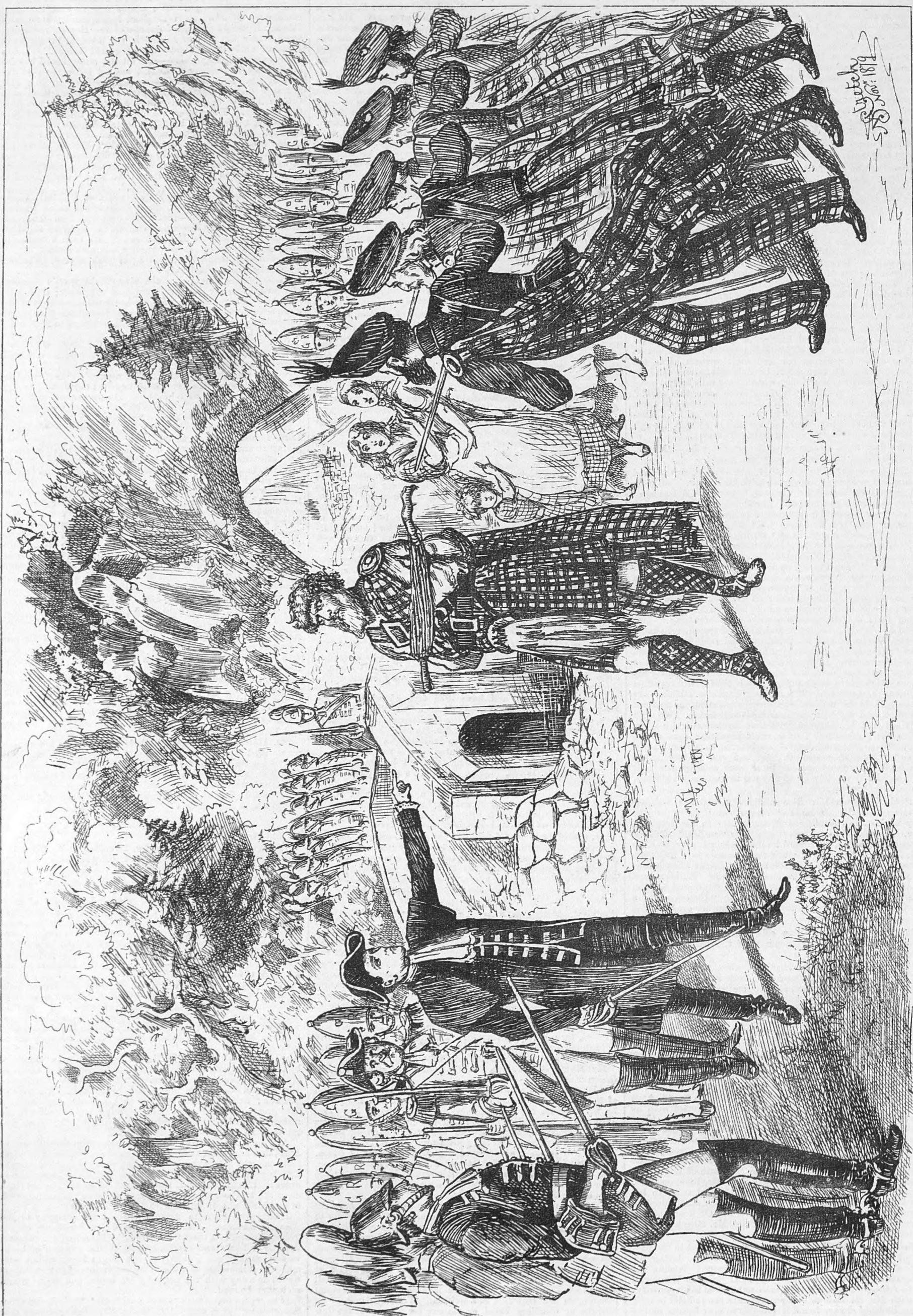
"The Shylock of Moss," adds Mr. Donaldson, was "admitted by the best of judges to be superior to either that of Cooke or Kemble, particularly the latter. Kean was allowed by Byron, Hazlitt, and Sheridan to be the best Shylock since the days of Macklin; and here was the man that laid the foundation of that great delineation—a man the equal of any comedian in the metropolis, and superior to most in education; for Moss was trained for one of the liberal professions."

And here is Mr. Hawkins who apparently never heard of Moss, and is content to take his account of Macklin's Shylock from one who saw it played when the poor old much maligned actor's years had far outrun those allotted to ordinary men in order that he may contrast it with the Shylock of Edmund Kean described by those who saw that great actor in the full strength of his manly vigour and histrionic power.

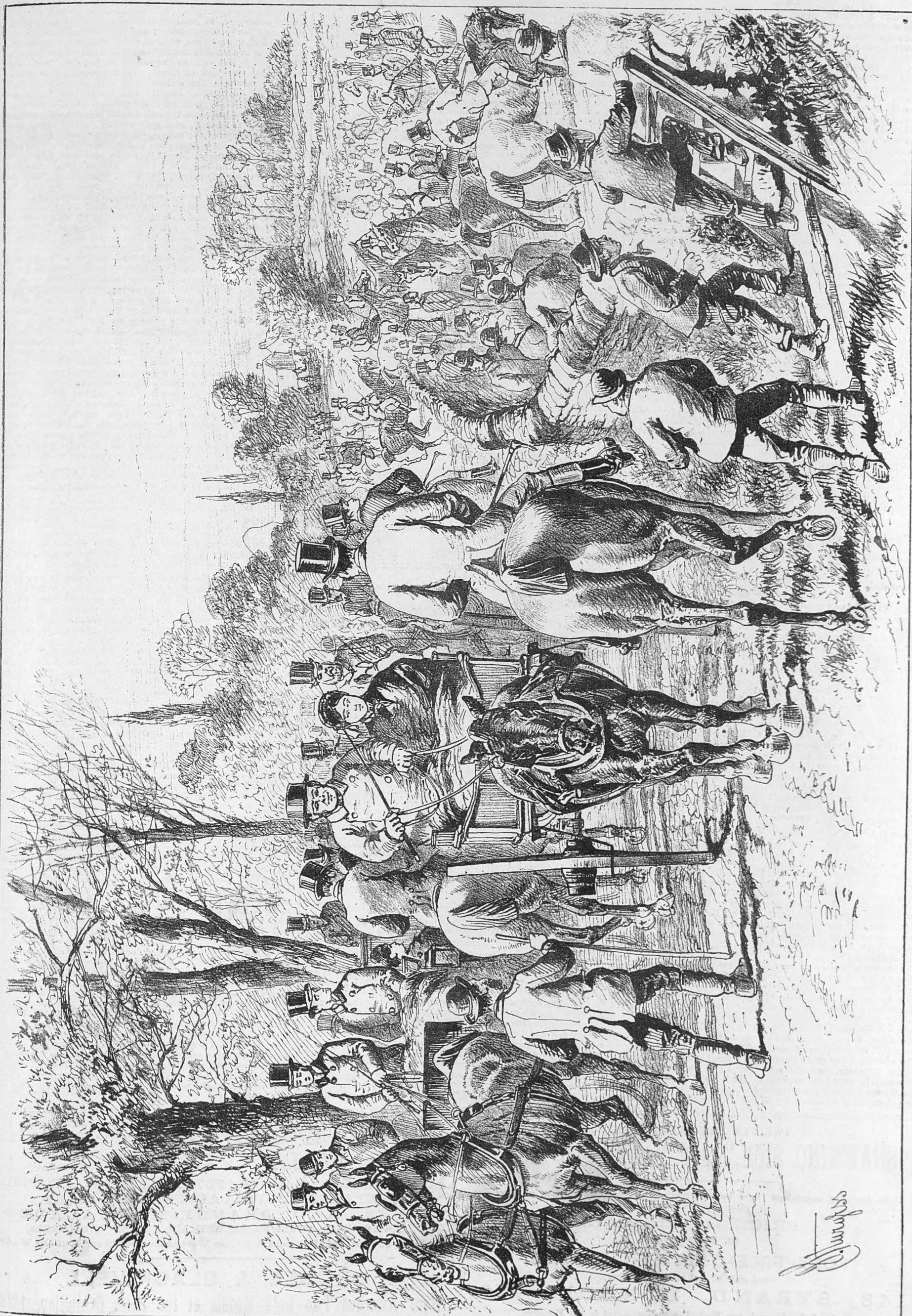
I once sat down to dinner with a large company at the Alexandra Palace. And there I heard Mr. Some-one, of *The Times*, respond to a toast "the Press." He seized the occasion to sneer at books and flippantly jest at the expense of book-readers, saying, not jocularly as one might imagine, but with apparent seriousness, that the time was coming when newspapers would do away with the necessity for books, and books would no longer be read.

If he writes many such papers as this on "Shylock and other Stage Jews," it is very desirable for Mr. Hawkins' sake that such a time should come very soon, or, at least, so thinks one who reads, for the light each lends to each, both books and newspapers.

A. H. DOWLEY.



SCENE FROM "ROB ROY," AT NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—THE CAPTURE.



REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

METZLER & Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street.—“Hemy’s Royal Modern Tutor for the Pianoforte, New Edition,” price 3s. This new edition of a work which has long been recognised as the very best of its kind will be welcomed by all who are engaged in the teaching of music, and by those who desire to learn the elements of pianoforte playing without the aid of a master. 250,000 copies of the preceding editions have already been sold, and in the new edition it may be said that perfection has been attained. The drawing which represents the entire range of the modern keyboard is exceptionally well executed, new melodies by Gounod, Wagner, Sullivan, &c., &c., have been added, and the musical notes are printed from engraved and stereotyped plates on excellent folio-sized paper. In the letter-press explanations and instructions nothing of importance has been overlooked. The author has avoided cumbrous technical details, and has successfully endeavoured to combine clearness of instruction with simplicity of language. In order to assist the young student in counting and reading music, the mode of counting is shown in large numerals between every bar of the treble and bass. The fingering is carefully and elaborately indicated; the time table is explicit; expression marks and grace-notes are explained and illustrated; and the whole of the major and minor scales, ascending and descending, are engraved with the proper fingering. The melodies are progressively arranged, and some of them are written for two players. Short preludes in various keys are also furnished, and care has been taken to ensure the cultivation of taste and expression, as well as of dexterity and precision. There is no instruction-book for the pianoforte to be compared with the new edition of Hemy’s “Royal Modern Tutor.”

W. CZERNY, 349, Oxford-street.—“The Three Great Chords,” 3s., is a setting by Franz Abt of Longfellow’s well-known poem, “The Singers.” The melodies are varied and expressive, the accompaniments are effective, and the song is alike worthy of the poet and the composer.—“Daffodils,” price 3s., is a setting by F. Docker of Herrick’s familiar verses. The composer has treated the subject sympathetically, and has wisely aimed at simplicity, both in melody and accompaniments. He has produced a tasteful and pretty song.—“Oh, would that the wind,” price 3s., composed by M. Schröter, is an able setting of well-written verses by an anonymous writer.—“Southern Barcarolle,” price 3s., composed by J. B. Wekerlin; English words by Mrs. Noble. The sparkling melody of this Barcarolle will recommend it to tenors and barytones, and they will be able to use the original French words, written by M. Wekerlin, and printed with the English version. The latter we are unable to praise. In the first verse, the rhymed lines,

La nuit s’achève . . .
Sur la blanche grève,

are thus rhymed in the English version—

The night is ending . . .
Near the silv’ry sand shore.

The line—

Ma tartane attend là-bas,

is translated,

His tartan (!) lies in the bay,

the translator being obviously unaware that “une tartane” is a small vessel, or shallop. The adaptation is in other respects defective, but with its French words and its lively melody this “Southern Barcarolle” will be found highly acceptable.—“The Child of the Sea,” price 3s.; music by J. B. Wekerlin, words by Mrs. Noble. The melody is commonplace but lively: the words are commonplace and not lively—nor always intelligible, *ex. gr.* :

Sailors dipp’d my little lody
Thrice into the surging wave,
Thus, they said, my soul would sav’d be,
Christend’ thus would make me brave,
And my little body save.

“Madrigal de la Reine Marie Antoinette,” price 4s.; pianoforte duet by G. Bachmann, Op. 54. This is a simple but effective arrangement of a quaint melody.—“Marche des Mousquetaires,” price 3s.; by G. Bachmann, Op. 97. A vigorous and tuneful march simply arranged for the pianoforte.—“Cradle Song,” price 1s. 6d., is a pianoforte transcription of an orchestral Berceuse composed by M. Hauser. The melody, though not remarkably original, is characteristic, and has been well arranged for the pianoforte.

HOWARD & Co., 28, Great Marlborough-street.—“Down among the meadows,” price 3s.; ballad, written and composed by G. Marks. Pleasant verses, simply and tunefully set.—“A Maiden’s Prayer,” price 3s. This is a vocal arrangement of Badarzewska’s well-known “Thecla” melody. The words, by F. Ulleman, are highly meritorious; the pianoforte accompaniments have been ably arranged by A. Mullen; and in its new shape the “Maiden’s Prayer” deserves to become popular.—“Silvery Waves,” pianoforte duet by P. Wyman and H. Hardcastle, is simple and tuneful, and will be useful in teaching.—“Diana,” price 4s., by M. Schröter, is a “Hunting Sketch” for the pianoforte, bright, tuneful, and characteristic.—“Melody for Violin and Piano,” price 3s., by W. J. Roberts. The melody is remarkably graceful, and the pianoforte accompaniments are well arranged.—“The Sèvres Polka,” price 3s., by J. C. Drane. Excellent for ball-room purposes, and adorned with a gorgeous title-page.—“Doux Yeux,” price 3s., by H. Hardcastle; pretty and effective.—“La Duchesse Valses,” 4s., by G. Marks; three melodious waltzes, and an effective coda.—“Beautiful Severn,” price 3s., by C. Greenwell, is a pianoforte transcription of what is said to be “a favourite melody,” in which we discover neither originality nor charm. The variations are skilfully arranged; the fingering is marked where necessary, and the solo may be of use to teachers, although it seems as unwise to teach pupils commonplace music as to let them practise on inferior pianos. The set of six pianoforte solos composed by W. Millward—and respectively

entitled, “Daybreak,” “Noontide,” “Sunset,” “The Gloaming,” “Eventide,” and “Nightfall,” price 3s. each—may be recommended to teachers. The melodies are pleasing, and the fingering is carefully indicated.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. RICHARDSON.—Your interesting record is welcome; please send us one or two of the best games played on the occasion.

E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.—Many thanks for your puzzle, which is a perfect little gem. Your approval of our column is very satisfactory.

Toz.—We fully endorse your criticism of Mr. Kidson’s problem—that it “illustrates very cleverly the range of the Knight’s powers.” We hope you will continue to favour us with your opinions, and, in return, we thank you for your commendation of our column.

C. M. BAXTER.—We are much obliged for the problem, which is very neat and pretty.

Solution of Problem No. 253, by R. L. and Juvenis, is correct.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 252.

(Mr. Kidson’s.)

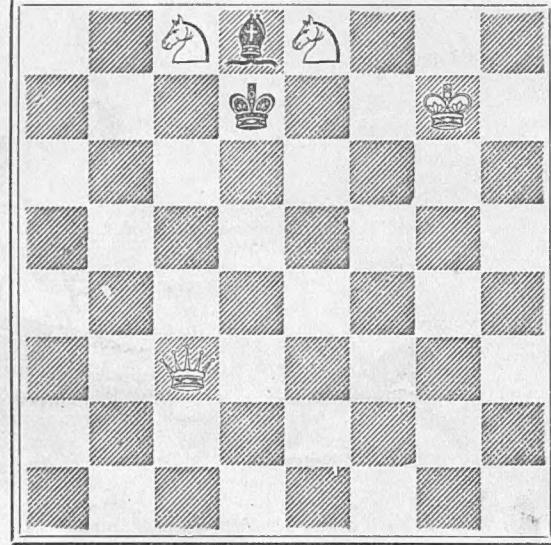
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 8 Kt to K 5
2. Kt to K 7 Any move
3. Kt mates.

PROBLEM NO. 255.

(An ingenious puzzle.)

By E. J. L.

BLACK.



White to retract his last move and give mate.

CHESS IN LONDON.

An interesting game played lately at Simpson’s Divan, between the Rev. S. W. Earnshaw and Two Knights’ defence.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. . .)	(Mr. Earnshaw.)	(Mr. . .)	(Mr. Earnshaw.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	25. Kt takes P	B takes (ch)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	26. K takes B	Kt takes Kt
3. B to B 4	Kt to B 3	27. R takes Kt	R takes B P
4. Kt to Kt 5	P to Q 4	28. P to Q 3	P to Kt 4
5. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4	29. P to R 4	K to Kt 3
6. B to Kt 5 (ch)	P to B 3	30. P takes P	P takes P
7. P takes P	P takes P	31. P to R 4	R to Q 3
8. B to K 2	P to K R 3	32. P to Kt 4	P to R 3
9. Kt to K B 3	P to K 5	33. R to K 5	P to Kt 5
10. Kt to K 5	P to Q 3	34. Q R to K sq	P to Kt 6 (e)
11. Kt to Kt 4	Kt takes Kt	35. R to Q R 5	R to Q 5
12. B takes Kt	Q to B 2	36. R takes P	R takes P (ch)
13. P to K R 3 (a)	Castles	37. K to B 3	R fr B 7 to B 5
14. B takes B	Q R takes B	38. P to R 5	R to Q 5
15. Kt to B 3	Q R to Q sq (b)	39. R to R 8	R to R 6 (ch)
16. Q to K 2	P to K B 4	40. K to Kt 2	R fr B 5 to Q R 5
17. P to Q Kt 3	K to R 2 (c)	41. P to R 6	R to R 7 (ch)
18. B to Kt 2	Kt to Kt 2	42. K to B 3	R fr R 5 to R 6 (ch)
19. Castles Q R	Kt to B 4	43. K to Q 2	P to Kt 7
20. P to Kt 4	Q to B 2	44. R to Kt 8 (ch)	K to B 4
21. P takes P	Q takes P	45. R takes P	R takes B P (ch)
22. Q to Kt 4	R to Q 2 (d)	46. K takes R	R to R 7 (ch)
23. K R to Kt sq	Q takes Q	47. K to B 3	R takes R
24. R takes Q	B to K 4	48. P to R 7 (f)	R to Q R 7

And after a few more moves the game was drawn.

(a) This loses time and serves no good purpose; surely he did not fear the capture of his Pawn by the Bishop.

(b) A good move, retarding the advance of the Q P.

(c) If it is always advisable, if time permits, to remove the King from a square where he is exposed to a check.

(d) Evidencing sound judgment; had he played Kt takes B P, white would have speedily demolished him by Kt takes K P.

(e) Taking the Q P would have involved the loss of the game.

(f) A fatal slip; of course he ought to have played R to Q R sq.

CHESS CHAT.

LAST week I was under the painful necessity of descanting on a nuisance that prevails to a certain extent amongst problem-composers, that of imposing the examination of their positions on unwilling critics. I am, however, happy to say that most of the composers with whom I have the honour of being acquainted are entirely free from this littleness. To be perfectly fair, as I always desire to be, I must confess that chess-players are equally partial to the untimely display of their favourite achievements, but fortunately in their case the infliction is less distressing to the victim. The man who is induced, contrary to his inclination, to look at a game of chess, which the victor therein plays over to him, can look, and smile, and say conscientiously, “Yes, that is very good—very fine, indeed,” and yet at the same time be

thinking of other matters which are more interesting to him. The beauties of the game, if any, are apparent; no active exercise of the faculties is required to discern them; whereas in a problem the composer gives, as it were, a challenge to his victim to do something, to manifest ingenuity or acknowledge his incapacity for problem-solving; and the moment a man consents to look at a problem, he must either work to accomplish its solution, or be content to be written down an ass. An admirable mode of checking this evil as regard game-showers was once adopted by a friend of mine. He happened to be playing a game with the celebrated Q. (Q. is not really the initial of his name, but it will answer my purpose. I find if I use the right initial of the person I intend to refer to, that one or two to whom the initial letter pertains, appropriate it, each one to himself, and consequently take umbrage, and indulge in vituperation; and if, on the other hand, I select an initial which cannot be applied to any well-known member of the chess community, immediately the conscious delinquent exclaims, “Oh, he means me, I know he does; but he is afraid to refer to me definitely.”) Well, Q., when he first came to this country, spent, I should think, quite half his time in showing the games he had won of illustrious champions. To such an extent did he carry this practice, that when his kindly-disposed admirers used to ask, “What is Q. doing now in this country? he is really a well-informed, clever man?” some one would invariably reply, “What is he doing now? why, what he has always been doing since he came here, showing the fine games he has won.” So fond was Q. of this amusement, that even when he sat down to play a game he used, previously to engaging in it, to show his opponent some wonderful specimen of his skill, and subsequently, when the opening moves in the contest had been made, he would point out the course he had adopted at a certain juncture, with the celebrated Herr A. Suppose he was playing an Evans’s Gambit, and had got to the twenty-fifth move—all book—“Now this,” he would merrily observe, “is the position which occurred in the ninth game of my fifth match with Herr A. (a world-renowned champion), and then I played Kt to B 6, sacrificing a piece. Of course I won. The game lasted for thirty-one moves, and Herr A. said it was the finest game he had ever seen.” On a certain occasion he (Q.) had thus acted and had thus expressed himself whilst playing a game with my friend E., and eventually Q. won the game. Then another game was played, and E., after a few moves, got the best of it, and as soon as he had made the crushing stroke, jocosely asked, “Now, Q., how do you like this game? This, let me tell you, is the position that occurred in the forty-fifth game of the one hundred and ninety-seventh match which I played with Labourdoin’s grandmother’s uncle’s aunt, and it may save you trouble to know that I won the game at the two hundredth move.” Thereupon Q. smiled sadly and looked reproachfully at his opponent; but never since have I seen him showing any of his games.

MARS.

MESSRS. WEEKES and Co. are about to publish a cantata, entitled “Silvia, an Idyl,” by Seward Mariner and Lewis N. Parker. It is said to be written in a novel form.

The Antiquary is the title of a new monthly magazine, which is to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock early in December. It is to be devoted to such subjects as folk-lore, numismatics, early voyages, bibliography, genealogy, heraldry, parish registers, provincial dialects, church restoration, early printing, the transactions of provincial archaeological societies, engravings and paintings, curiosities, &c. *The Antiquary* is to be edited by Edward Walford, editor of the “Country Families.”

On the 30th ult., at his residence, 53, Carlton-hill, St. John’s wood, after three days’ illness, from congestion of the lungs, died Auguste Mariot-de-Beauvoisin, Chevalier de la Toison d’Or, father of Miss Carlisle, the well-known actress. For upwards of thirty-five years Professor of French and Literature in King William-street, City; also Professor of French at St. George’s and St. James’s Halls. He was highly respected and much beloved. M. Beauvoisin’s funeral took place on Tuesday last at Kensal Green Cemetery, where a large number of friends assembled to pay respect.

The Parisian says:—“The institution of the paved footway in Paris dates back only so short a time as fifty-five years. Until 1825 even the most important streets of the capital were still in that terrible state of filth which is so graphically described by Sterne, and which made them wholly impassable in wet weather to any foot passenger who had the least regard for his clothes or his personal appearance. Down the middle of them flowed a turbid and fetid stream, destined to serve as a common receptacle for the refuse of the neighbouring houses; and towards the torrent the sides of the street sloped down at a steep incline. The horses’ hoofs and the wheels of carts and diligences, as they passed along, scattered the mud and foul water far and wide, and unmercifully bespattered all those who stood or walked within reach. The actual walls of the houses were in some degree fenced off by means of railings or buttresses, but there was no interval between these protections and the open roadway, until in 1825 a rude pavement, made of volvic lava, was laid along the extreme edges of some of the streets. It was not till later than 1840 that this material began to be discarded in favour of others more durable, and especially of granite, which was and is now supplied chiefly from the quarries at Flamanville, near Cherbourg, and some other places in Normandy. The granite has been retained to this day for the outsides of the *trotoirs*, but the remaining part of them has to a great extent been now laid with a hard species of asphalte. The use of stone pavements for foot passengers is, however, still much less common in France than it is in England, and in fact is rather the exception than the rule even in second and third-rate towns. At Marseilles the famous and much-frequented streets of Canebière and St. Ferriol are paved with bricks laid edgewise, and in towns which are near a river it is very common to use the round pebbles picked up from the river-bed.

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